

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXIII.

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## POETRY.

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A FEATHER, . . . . .	770		

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## I'M IN THE DARK.

"I'm in the dark!" cried little Josephine,  
A saucy maiden of but summers three;  
The lamp was out, the grey dawn yet unseen —  
"I'm in the dark! I'm in the dark!" said she.

"I'm in the dark!" Yet fear not, little one,  
Those are beside thee who for thee would die;  
The night, midwinter deep, will soon be gone,  
And the glad day stand in the eastern sky.

Light is thy wish, and in that wish we share —  
"Light, light, more light!" "O Lord, that I may see!"  
Some, for unholy uses make the prayer,  
And some, that they the nearer heaven may be.

Some would uplift the curtain of the year,  
And clutch its secrets with irreverent hand,  
That barn and press may burst with autumn gear,  
Or they among earth's foremost princes stand.

And some would lift the veil of flesh, and see  
If all be real on the other side,  
If truth be spoken of the One in Three,  
Or if the seers of Jewry raved and lied.

And some, more happy, of the night complain,  
"It is far spent, and yet there is no day;"  
Weary and sad they watch the window-pane —  
"When will He come? Oh, why so long away?"

"I'm in the dark!" My darling, so are all,  
Save those blest spirits who have fought and won;  
Light shines upon them there behind the pall,  
Light uncreated, brighter than the sun.

"I'm in the dark!" Ah me, that wild lament  
Will one day be the ruined spirits' wail,  
When all the lamps of love and grace are spent,  
And not one ray to pierce hell's awful veil!

Like thine, my child, our terrors and our cares  
Are of mere trifles, sickness, want, and pain.  
A holier fear, in answer to our prayers,  
Give, Lord, and light to make the highway plain;

Light, as we need it, step by step to tread  
The road to us allotted, strait and steep,  
The thorny waste with cloud and storm o'er-spread,  
Then death's drear pass, and heaven's all-crystal keep.

Sunday Magazine. GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

## A FEATHER.

"DROP me a feather out of the blue,  
Bird flying up to the sun:"  
Higher and higher the skylark flew,  
But dropped he never a one.

"Only a feather I ask of thee  
Fresh from the purer air:"  
Upward the lark flew bold and free  
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song  
Throbbled in the tremulous light;  
Only a voice could linger long  
At such a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,  
Lo! like a vision fair,  
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky  
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,  
But the song which was glad above  
Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone,  
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless  
heaven  
Were a gift of little worth;  
For oh! what a boon by the lark is given  
When he brings all heaven to earth!  
Blackwood's Magazine. J. R. S.

## THREE HOUSES.

THREE houses all alike, all piteous  
With winking windows and a midday gloom,  
All choked with London fog, and hideous  
With monster sideboard in the dining-room;  
Alike, yet all unlike as blight and bloom.  
For the first holds fair lady Gwendoline,  
Whom I have never seen;  
The second bonnie Kate,  
Whom I nor love nor hate;  
But the third house holds in its heart for me  
My little Dorothy.

My lady, dost thou bind thy bright brown hair,  
Or dost thou steal adown the noiseless stair?  
Love, thou art in the house, and gazing there  
I turn to thee.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

From The Quarterly Review.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHIES.\*

HORACE thought that certain poems would be all the better for being withheld from the public for nine years, and Talleyrand extended the period of literary reserve for political memoirs to at least two generations. There was much good sense in both suggestions. Obviously they were aimed neither at true poets, nor at wise biographers. A good poem is good from the first; so is a good biography. For as genius, which in its mood of inspiration puts pregnant thought or true emotion into perfect words, goes to the one, so does that sound judgment, which knows not only what to say, but also — more important still — what *not* to say, go to the other. Could we suppose a happy land, in which the canons of these two excellent judges were enforced, how many books, that are in truth no books, would never see the light!

Adopt Horace's rule, and it is at least possible that the poems of amateurs of the Piso stamp, at the end of the prescribed period, might have lost even for their authors much of their fascination. Misgiving might have taken the place of those raptures of self-gratulation which only poetasters feel. The world might be made richer by one book the less, and the author's friends — and where is the fortunate man who cannot appreciate this boon? — be spared the inward shame of feigning admiration, where they feel only pity or regret.

Again, apply the aphorism of Talleyrand, and see how admirably it would work. After fifty years how very unimportant many matters will appear, which once seemed of portentous moment; how many names be all but forgotten, which in their day were in every man's mouth; how many, whose influence was noiseless but penetrating, have risen into well-deserved prominence! Time, the great winnow, will have cleared away the chaff. The forces which governed events will have made themselves clearly felt, and we shall be able to see all the salient features of a

period now become historical in their true perspective. Above all, by that time the whole truth may be told. The frailties, the follies, the intrigues of statesmen and of kings may be divulged without wounding sensibilities or endangering political relations. The figments of journalism, and the idle and often malignant gossip of social and political busybodies, can then be blown to the winds by the revelation of authentic documents, and the contemporaneous testimony of the chief actors in the great movements of European progress. Disclosures heretofore withheld from motives of self-respect, or forbearance to others, may then with propriety be made, which will place the characters of public men and the course of public events in their true light. The time will have come to demonstrate by such disclosures how true was the saying of M. Van de Weyer, kindest and wisest of scholars and diplomatists, that "*en fait de l'histoire contemporaine, le seul vrai est ce qu'on n'écrit pas.*" Memoirs of the type we have lately had will then shrink to their true proportions. The misrepresentations of ignorance, or passion, or malevolence, will be corrected by authentic evidence; and those who undertake to tell the story either of an individual or of an epoch will know that they do so with the certainty that, unless they take pains to make themselves masters of the facts and documents upon which history must ultimately rest — still more, if they wilfully conceal or misrepresent the materials open to their use — detection and retribution are sure to be both swift and sweeping. Curiosity, especially in an age like ours, when, rather than not be fed at all, it is so constantly content, even in grave matters of State, to be fed and stimulated by fiction, may resent being told that it can scarcely expect to learn the true story of its own times. But the sooner it reconciles itself to the fact, the better; and in doing so, it may assimilate the further useful lesson, not to put its faith too largely in the "own correspondents," or omniscient writers of enterprising journals, but to believe that there are important factors in international policy, of which only the statesmen are cognizant, to whose charge

\* *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, 1846-1865.* By the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. Two Vols. London, 1876.

the national interests are for the time entrusted.

The book before us is just one of those which would have profited by the application of the Talleyrand rule. If its author had put it aside for even one generation, we venture to think, it would scarcely have seen the light in its present shape at the end of that period. Much would have been omitted, and probably not a little added. Rash assertions and unjustifiable innuendoes would have disappeared, and some attempt would have been made at a truer estimate of Lord Palmerston and his contemporaries. It is no disparagement to Mr. Ashley to say that Lord Palmerston's reputation would have stood higher than it is now likely to do had Lord Dalling lived to work up the materials which were at Mr. Ashley's disposal, and to complete the biography which he had so well begun. His literary skill, no less than his political experience, must have produced a work of permanent value, as a narrative of important events, and as the record of a very remarkable man. Although bound to Lord Palmerston by the ties of personal gratitude and regard he was by no means blind to his defects. Lord Dalling, too, had been behind the curtain, nay, he had been "a busy actor" in important scenes of the great European drama of his time. He carried within him much of that unwritten knowledge which is essential for the writer of contemporary political history. He knew what topics might or might not be approached without either damage to Lord Palmerston or injustice to those who had had to work with him. He had, moreover, the sense of fairness, instinctive in our leading public men, and only clouded occasionally in the heat of debate or keen party strife, which puts the whole facts of a case frankly and candidly forward, and scorns to snatch a success either by concealment or distortion.

These are the qualities which are eminently requisite for one who has to deal with events still recent, and with men whose pens and tongues are either fettered by official reticence, or who, being dead, may have no "honest chronicler" to take up their defence. Lord Dalling, at least, knew too well what was due to those who

have done their best to serve their country as diplomatists or statesmen, to have given publicity, as Mr. Ashley has done, to documents which impugn their sagacity or statesmanship, without at the same time letting the world know what they had to say for themselves, and had said at the time, in answer to these documents.

It is difficult to imagine any species of revelation more to be deprecated than a one-sided publication, such as we frequently find in these volumes, of those communications, not meant for the public eye, which are constantly passing between ministers at home, or between ministers and our ambassadors at foreign courts. Such a proceeding involves great injustice to individuals, and perverts the sources of history. The despatches printed for Parliament, as all who are in the secrets of official life know, often throw much less light on the matters with which they deal than the communications of the class to which we have referred; but the occasions are rare indeed in which these have been given to the public. The famous correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour with the Foreign Office in 1853, reporting his personal communications with the emperor Nicholas on the subject of Turkey, is an illustration of what we mean. But even this correspondence might probably not have seen the light in 1854, had our government not been absolved from the established rule of silence as to such communications by a public reference in the Russian official journal to what had passed at the interviews between the emperor and our ambassador. This was so obviously published with the imperial sanction, that it was regarded as tantamount to a challenge to produce the correspondence, and made further reticence on the part of the Aberdeen government impossible. The free and cordial interchange of opinion between our representatives and the foreign powers to whom they were accredited, it is obvious, could never be maintained if there did not exist a tacit understanding that the ideas exchanged at their confidential interviews are not to be trumpeted on the housetops, but are only for each the responsible members of our own government. Just so would it in like manner be fatal to



the cordial co-operation of the members of a cabinet, or to the independence of our ambassadors, were they not to feel assured that the sanctity of their private correspondence on the political movements of the day was to be respected. Where events of historical importance are concerned, there will no doubt always come a time when this wise restraint may be cast aside, not only with propriety, but in the essential interests of truth. But that time will, as a rule, not come until those have passed away who would be needlessly wounded by premature disclosures, and, when it does come, the disclosures should at all events be candid and complete, and furnish the means of a conclusive judgment as to the motives and conduct of the persons whom they affect.

It will be an evil day for England if either public men or their biographers should cease to consider themselves bound by the principle we have indicated. In these days of books got up in haste to gratify a morbid appetite for the merely personal incidents of political life, it seems to us not out of place to recall attention to this principle; and we have placed Mr. Ashley's volume at the head of this paper because it has violated the principle in several flagrant instances, with some of which we are enabled by circumstances to deal, in illustration of what we have said.

Mr. Ashley informs us (vol. i., p. 292) that in fostering the French alliance with England in 1851, "one of Lord Palmerston's chief difficulties was the ill-disguised hostility of the British ambassador to the French president." The ambassador in question was Lord Normanby; but if his despatches, public and private, shall ever be given to the world, it will be seen how little this assertion can be justified by their tenor. Up to the period of the *coup d'état*, at least, no man was more zealous in upholding the policy of the prince president. He spoke of that event, and of the incidents of bloodshed and cruelty which accompanied it, in terms worthy of an Englishman, but which appear to have been very unpalatable to Lord Palmerston, bent as he was on upholding the embryo emperor alike through good report and evil. People, we imagine, are by this time

rather tired of hearing of the painful results to which this resolution of Lord Palmerston's led. Whether Lord John Russell was justified or not in severing his connection with a foreign secretary who was obstinately bent upon going his own way, without regard to the opinions either of the chief of the cabinet or of its constituent members, is one of those side issues with which future historians will make very short work, if, indeed, they will deal with it at all. The grievous mortification inflicted on Lord Palmerston was, no doubt, the *terribilis causa* of many a future cabal and struggle, for which the country was not the better. That he should feel it deeply, and resent it as he best might, was natural. But a biographer might fairly be expected to look more dispassionately at the incidents of December, 1851. This much was clear, even before the explanations given, since the publication of these volumes, in Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," that Lord Palmerston had acted in defiance of the line of policy prescribed by a solemn decision of the cabinet. It was scarcely judicious, therefore, in Mr. Ashley to show that he had chosen this moment to rate our ambassador at Paris in language, not often, we should hope, addressed by foreign secretaries to ambassadors, for honestly reporting what he had seen and heard of the outrages which had signalized the *coup d'état*. We take the letter in which he did so, as we find it at page 292 of Mr. Ashley's first volume.

C. G., 6th December, 1851.

MY DEAR NORMANBY,—In times of crisis and on affairs of deep importance, frankness between persons officially acting together becomes a duty, and I feel compelled therefore to say that the tone and substance of your despatches create serious apprehensions in my mind. Events are passing at Paris which must have a most important influence upon the affairs of Europe generally, and upon the interests of this country in particular, and the character of our relations with the French government may be much influenced by the course pursued during the present crisis by the British representative at Paris. The great probability still seems to be, as it has, I think, all along been, that in the conflict of opposing

parties Louis Napoleon would remain master of the field, and it would very much weaken our position at Paris and be detrimental to British interests if Louis Napoleon, when he had achieved a triumph, should have reason to think that during the struggle the British representative took part (I mean by a manifestation of opinion) with his opponents. Now we are entitled to judge of that matter only by your despatches, and I am sure you will forgive me for making some observations on those which we have received this week. Your long despatch of Monday appeared to be a funeral oration over the president, with a passage thrown in as to his intentions to strike a *coup d'état* on a favorable opportunity, as if it were meant to justify the doom which was about to be pronounced upon him by the Burggrave majority. Your despatches since the event of Tuesday have been all hostile to Louis Napoleon, with very little information as to events. One of them consisted chiefly of a dissertation about Kossuth, which would have made a good article in the *Times* a fortnight ago; and another dwells chiefly upon a looking-glass broken in a club-house, and a piece of plaster brought down from a ceiling by musket-shots during the street fights.

Now we know that the diplomatic agents of Austria and Russia called upon the president immediately after his measures of Tuesday morning, and have been profuse in their expressions of approval of his conduct; of course what they admire and applaud is the shutting up of a Parliament House by military force, and probably when Louis Napoleon publishes his new constitution, with an elective popular assembly and senate, etc., they may not think the conclusion as good as the beginning, but still they are making great advances to him; and though we should not wish you to go out of your way to court him, nor to identify us with his measures, it would be very undesirable that he should have any grounds for supposing your sympathies identified with the schemes which were planned for his overthrow, and of the existence of which I apprehend no reasonable doubt can be entertained, though you have not particularly mentioned them of late.

The greater part of the French refugees are gone back from hence to France. Ledru-Rollin, Caussidière, and Louis Blanc, remain here for the present. — Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

No one can read this letter without feeling that it ought never to have seen the light, except with the consent of Lord Normanby or his representatives. Of course such a document could not remain unanswered, and the least that Mr. Ashley should have done in common fairness to Lord Normanby, if he chose to give publicity to an attack of a character so serious, coming from the quarter it did, was to have shown how it was met. He

has not done so; and our readers shall judge by Lord Normanby's reply, which we are enabled to produce, whether it does not place him in a very different light from that thrown upon his conduct by the language of Lord Palmerston.

Paris, 7th December, 1851.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON, — I have received with perfect astonishment your yesterday's letter. It is so different both in its tone towards myself, as well as in the tenor of its opinions from all I have before had from you, that I cannot comprehend its meaning.

I shall endeavor to answer it with the calmness which becomes its probable effect upon our relation with each other, as well as the all-absorbing importance of the events in which we are at present together engaged.

The question between us seems to be twofold; first, whether what is passing here is worthy of approbation, and in the next place the extent to which that approbation, if not felt, should be feigned or disapprobation suppressed.

As to the last, I believe we are both agreed, that for the maintenance of the good relations between the two countries, care should be taken that no disapprobation should be incautiously expressed. Before I conclude this letter, I will prove to you that this condition I have fulfilled. To feign approbation which one does not feel, is of course impossible to the feelings of a gentleman. Then the question remains, to which I should like an answer, "Do you really approve what has taken place?" which is simply this, that a man should deliberately violate the Parliamentary liberties of his country and break the law which he alone is bound to maintain, "*Moi seulement tié par mon serment*;" this without any obvious necessity; on the contrary, weakening thereby the forces of order in their struggle with anarchy. Can it be possible that Walewski is right, and that you have given to this step your cordial approbation?

I believe, if any one in Europe was asked which of us two was most likely to wish the destruction of the revolutionary mania at almost any price, they would rather suppose it would be me, who have had for the last four years such constant experience of the dangers of democracy; and yet your quarrel with me seems to be, that I did not run a race of approval with Hübner and with Kisseleff,\* this, even now, after you have seen all the tyranny to which it has necessarily led. You flatter yourself they will be disappointed when he establishes what you called his Popular Elective Assembly. You never allude to his own description of the objects of that assembly, though I have twice called your attention to the contents of his manifesto; but, if you will not read his pamphlet, you must surely know the Constitution of the Year VIII., and remember its history. He may, of course,

\* The Austrian and Russian ambassadors at Paris.

change all this plan, but Hübner and Kisseleff are even now believing what he says.

Now I come to my own conduct. You will recollect that you are accusing me of endangering diplomatic relations by imprudence of language — you, who ought to recollect that I have for the four last years contrived to keep on terms of which no one has had to complain with every successive variety of Government; and that up to Monday night last I continued on such terms of confidence with the President, that he gave me personally his pamphlet. You say that you have only a right to judge me by my despatches. I desire, too, if the necessity should ever arise, only to be judged by them; but the Bill of Indictment, which you have attempted to found upon this, so completely fails, that I cannot help recollecting that you have said once or twice latterly, "we hear," and "they say;" and it is, I am afraid, evident you have imbibed this prejudice from listening to mere hearsay and gossip, which I had a right to expect you would disregard. I have read over again my despatch of Monday, and there is not a word in it which would justify, even in Parliamentary warfare, the interpretation you have put upon it. It had nothing whatever of a funeral oration. It was a *résumé* of events, such as I have often given you before, when it has been very differently received. The President's time expires in May next; his chance of legal re-election I thought much damaged. The success of a *coup d'état* is always doubtful; and because I speculated upon the possibility of there being hereafter another ruler in France, you say I pronounce "his doom." If there was any conspiracy, I have never heard of it; I am sure it would have been best for him to let it break out, as it would have been sure to fail, as we saw by the attempt at the Joinville candidature.

The only one phrase which you have been able to extract from all these despatches, written daily, and of course amidst much anxiety, is upon a point which I regret to see you treat with a levity that I cannot share. The subject is the wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life in the late contest; and you are merry about a broken looking-glass, forgetting that a human head, and that of an Englishman, was within a few inches of it. This was given as an instance, among many, that there was not sufficient care taken to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty. My humanity is not local in its character, and what happens at Paris I judge the same as if it were at Pesth or at Naples.

This reminds me, that you say I made a tirade against Kossuth worthy of the *Times*. I made no tirade at all. I only mentioned him incidentally to show, that if any French patriot when liberated (such as Cavaignac, for instance) had a similar reception in England, it would lead to war. You might have recollected, when criticising my despatches, that there is not one of them in which I have not expressed, in the strongest terms, my belief in

Louis Napoleon's success, and my unvarying wish, as the question is now engaged, that his success should be complete.

Now as to language which you seem to suppose I have held, no one can know better than you, that if you fear people are likely to misrepresent you, you had better not see them at all. I have followed this plan. Since Tuesday I have been in no house but my own, have only been twice out on foot, happen to have seen no Frenchmen but Flahault, and just this moment Drouyn de L'Huys. I have received singly, in the course of the morning, all my colleagues who have been in the habit of consulting me, all, in short, except Hübner, Kisseleff, and Antonini; and if, however good friends privately, we are not on that political footing, it is not my fault.

No one can feel more strongly than I do that this is not a time unnecessarily to prolong a controversial correspondence. A quieter moment will come when all this will be matter of very serious consideration for me, and I must reserve the right, in case of necessity hereafter, to make any use I like of this letter; and to ask you again, whether you approve the President's conduct, approve the step he has taken, and the policy he has proclaimed? — Ever yours, NORMANBY.

The remainder of this correspondence — for it did not end here — is before us. But we pass from it to more interesting matter with the remark that, whoever may suffer by its publication, it will not be Lord Normanby.

Mr. Evelyn Ashley has published several very characteristic and important letters written by Lord Palmerston on the subject of the Eastern question in 1853. The scope of his own remarks throughout points to his belief that Lord Palmerston alone, of all our statesmen at the time, took a sound view of that question, and of the policy which England ought to have adopted. It was the current theory, as we all remember, of his lordship's admirers at the time, that if his views had been acted upon, there would have been no war with Russia. This was based on the idea, that if the emperor of Russia had early been told, *more Palmerstoniano*, that if he advanced upon Turkish territory, it would not be the Turks alone, but the English, whom he would have to encounter, he would never have crossed the Pruth, or, having crossed it, would have speedily created some "golden bridge" by which he might have retreated with decorum. What the emperor might or might not have done in such a case, who, that knows the measureless obstinacy and pride which ultimately swept him on to disaster and death, will venture to surmise? A man less passionate and self-

willed might have seen very early in 1853, that the English government had taken up a position which must result in war if he persisted in demands upon Turkey, which they, in common with France, Austria and Prussia, had declared to be untenable. Whether, if he had been told in the brusque language of a Palmerstonian despatch, that he must face this contingency, he would have been more likely to abate the extravagance of his pretensions, or to precipitate the war, which ultimately ensued, has always seemed to us a moot question. At every successive step taken by England and France towards a material support of Turkey the emperor's fury certainly rose; and the policy which dictated the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was not that of a man likely to be awed into pacific measures by any declarations, however explicit, that England and France would support Turkey in meeting force by force.

It was vital for England to carry along with her the three other great powers of Europe in the discussions of 1853 on the Eastern question. Any precipitate action, either single-handed or in concert with France, would have made this impossible. At the very time the disaster at Sinope occurred, we had just succeeded in establishing a complete accord with these powers, and there was still a hope that their united diplomatic action might bring Russia to reason. Lord Palmerston, it appears by Mr. Ashley's book, was impatient of delay. Without absolutely declaring war, he was for sending our fleet into the Black Sea to shut up the Russian fleet in Constantinople, and keep them there until the Russian troops should evacuate the Principalities. Writing to Lord Aberdeen on the 10th of December, 1853, the day before the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was known in England, and *not afterwards, as Mr. Ashley seems to imply*, he says:—

It seems to me that, unless Turkey shall be laid prostrate at the feet of Russia by disasters and war, an event which England and France could not without dishonor permit, no peace can be concluded between the contending parties unless the Emperor consents to evacuate the Principalities, to abandon his demands, and to renounce some of the embarrassing stipulations of former treaties, upon which he has founded the pretensions which have been the cause of existing difficulties.

We must refer to Mr. Ashley's second volume (p. 52), for the remainder of this letter, in which Lord Palmerston advocates his view, that by shutting up the

Russian fleet in Sebastopol, Russia might be forced into terms of peace. Mr. Ashley quotes a few sentences from Lord Aberdeen's reply. We venture to think it would have been fairer to have allowed Lord Aberdeen to put his view of the position in his own words by printing that reply in full. It was as follows, and is not without interest at the present crisis:—

Argyll House, December 13, 1853.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—As I have very recently written to you on the subjects of Eastern affairs, I should not have thought it necessary to trouble you again, had I not imagined that you might have expected an answer to your letter.

I take for granted that we both desire to see the termination of the existing war between Russia and Turkey; but I confess that I am not at present prepared to adopt the mode which you think most likely to restore peace.

You think that the Emperor ought to be made to evacuate the Principalities, to abandon his demands, and to consent to a revision of the treaties between Russia and Turkey.

The first condition will probably offer no difficulty in the way of peace, as the Emperor has repeatedly declared, that he does not desire, or intend, to retain an inch of Turkish territory.

I agree with you that the Emperor ought to be made to abandon all unjust demands. He has already abandoned much, and will probably abandon more. But after the former breach of engagement by the Turks, he has some right to expect a reasonable assurance of a Diplomatic Act against the recurrence of this violation of good faith, as well as that the Greek Christians should be duly protected. This claim has been put forward from the commencement of the negotiations, and to this we have repeatedly advised the Turks to accede, without prejudice to the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

With regard to the third condition, it is vain to expect that Russia will ever agree to the revision of her former treaties with the Porte, unless reduced to the last extremity. And if Omar Pasha, instead of having only crossed the Danube, had advanced to Moscow, such a proposition would scarcely have been entertained. Neither do I see that Europe has any very great interest in procuring such a revision. Peace has been maintained between Russia and the Porte for the last five-and-twenty years, since the Treaty of Adrianople; and, if renewed, it may continue as long. The interpretation of treaties which impose a moral obligation upon one of the parties will always be open to doubt and cavil; but the substitute of the Great Powers in the place of Russia, as you propose, would probably render the execution of such stipulations still more complicated and uncertain.

You admit that, in order to bring the Em-



peror to agree to those terms of peace, it is necessary to exert a considerable pressure upon him. Now what you call a considerable pressure I can only regard as war; and it is a sort of war which I do not think very creditable to the honor and character of this country. If the conduct of Russia has been so injurious to the Porte, and our own interests are so deeply affected as to make us think it necessary to resist her attack, it is not by capturing a few ships, or blockading some port, that we shall best prove our sympathy; but we ought rather at once to declare war, and to make common cause with our ally. We have no treaty engagements with the Porte; and although I do not pretend to say to what extremities we may be driven by the course of events, I do not believe that the people of this country are prepared to make such a sacrifice, or that our national honor and interests are so much concerned as would make it justifiable in us to incur all the risks and horrors of war.

Much as I desire to avoid war, and reluctant as I am to prolong that which already exists between Russia and the Porte by aiming at unattainable conditions of peace, I would not have you imagine that under no circumstances should I be prepared to have recourse to such an alternative. I think that Russia could never be permitted to occupy Constantinople and the Straits of the Dardanelles; and if it became evident that any such intention was entertained, I believe that the interests of this country and of Europe would justify us in resorting at once to the most active hostilities.

Allow me to recall your attention to our actual position with respect to the negotiations for peace. We have just effected the union of the Four Powers, and our cordial concurrence in the steps about to be taken for arriving at this great end. I regard the union as a most important fact, and as calculated essentially to affect our proceedings, whether they terminate in war or in peace. We ought not rashly to endanger the permanence of this European concert; and as the Powers have declared that the integrity of the Turkish territory is an object of general interest, it is to be presumed that they will take such means as may be necessary to secure it. But if, while we have sent pacific overtures to Constantinople, and are endeavoring, as mediators, to establish an armistice between the belligerents, we should ourselves have recourse to acts of direct hostility, we can scarcely expect that our allies would approve of such a decision. I greatly doubt whether the French Government would think it just or honorable to join us in such a course.

Two days before this letter was written, a report of the affair of Sinope had reached England through Vienna. But it was not until the evening of the 13th, and after the letter was written, that our government received official intelligence, which showed that the attack on the Turkish fleet had

been made in deliberate defiance of France and England. This at once altered the whole aspect of affairs. The blood of both countries was up, and to have longer refrained from a decided course of action would have been impossible for any government. Two days afterwards (15th December), Lord Palmerston resigned. Mr. Ashley, with Lord Palmerston's papers at his command, must have known that this resignation had nothing whatever to do with any divergence of views as to our Eastern policy between Lord Palmerston and the rest of the Aberdeen cabinet. He has indeed shown, under Lord Palmerston's own hand ("Life," vol. ii., p. 19), that this was so. The reason, and the only reason, for his taking this step, was, that he could not support a large measure of Parliamentary reform, proposed by Lord Russell, and accepted by the cabinet. But Mr. Ashley, in his desire to claim special praise for Lord Palmerston for a sympathy with the feeling of general indignation excited by the tidings from Sinope, more than insinuates that the reason which he "assigned" for his resignation was not the true one. "The fact is," he writes, "that, as Mr. Kinglake says, he was gifted with the instinct which enables a man to read the heart of a nation, and he felt that the English people would never forgive the ministry if nothing decisive were done after the disasters at Sinope." And, if the fact were so, what should we think of the statesman, who at such a crisis, without waiting to know what his colleagues would do, would have deserted them, and thereby thrown affairs into confusion? Lord Palmerston's worst enemy could bring no severer charge against him. But the fact was precisely as Lord Palmerston himself put it in a letter to a leading member of the government at the time, which Mr. Ashley has no doubt seen, that he would not seem to support a Reform Bill, of which he entirely disapproved — "that, in short, he did not choose to be dragged through the dirt by John Russell."

Mr. Kinglake, in the last edition of his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" (1877), emboldened apparently by the countenance given to his views by Mr. Ashley, goes considerably farther than that gentleman.

Unfortunately,\* it happened [he says], though

\* Why "unfortunately"? Was Lord Palmerston likely to have raised his voice in the cabinet against the decision to send the combined fleets into the Black Sea? Why, he had been urging this very measure for months, and so lately as the 10th of December, in the letter to Lord Aberdeen above quoted! During the



for reasons which cannot yet be disclosed, that some days before the ill-omened Thursday [the day on which it was resolved to send the combined fleets of England and France into the Black Sea] Lord Palmerston was driven from office. Of the justice or propriety of the measure thus taken against him no one can yet be invited to judge, because its grounds are withheld (vol. ii., p. 28).

The statement that Lord Palmerston was "compelled to resign," that he was driven from office, is reiterated in the paragraphs which follow; and of some extraordinary notes, which Mr. Kinglake has subjoined, the following is perhaps the most extraordinary:—

They [the grounds on which Lord Palmerston was driven from office] were even withheld, one may say, from the faithful Baron Stockmar; for the prince's letter to him on the subject was not a real and thorough disclosure. Whether the curious outcry of those days against "Prince Albert's interference" was in any way connected with the transactions above stated I do not undertake to say; but it followed them with a very close step. The outcry was one wrongly, nay, almost absurdly directed, and was utterly silenced upon the meeting of Parliament in 1854 by Lord Aberdeen and other public men, who spoke out with unshrinking clearness upon what seemed until then a tender and delicate subject.

In saying that the outcry was wrongly or absurdly directed, I am far from meaning to represent that it was baseless; for I think, on the contrary, that transactions, appearing to have resulted from the hostility of the crown to Lord Palmerston in the five or six middle years of this century, were a very fit subject for Parliamentary inquiry, and in the mean time for that healthy, wise uneasiness which awakens the care of Parliament. What Parliament ought to have asked, and ought to have taken care to learn, was, not whether the prince consort, or any other "private secretary," or friend or courtier, had been giving counsel to the queen, but, *whether any of her Constitutional advisers had been guilty of undue complacency to the crown, or of intriguing against a colleague.*

If the life of the late prince consort in 1853 should be unreservedly imparted to the public, the "grounds" above referred to as wanting will not fail to appear. The December of 1853 was a critical month in the prince consort's political life (*ibid.*, p. 29).

Mr. Kinglake, who is a master of En-

glish style, usually makes his meaning clear enough, but it would require an *Œdipus* to unravel the mystery of this note. What does it mean? If Mr. Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," touched lightly on the question of Lord Palmerston's sudden resignation in 1853, he probably did so because the event, however curious in itself, had very little bearing upon the story he had to tell. We can quite conceive that in this case, as in many others, he has suppressed very interesting details, solely from considerations of space and due proportion, and not because there was anything to conceal which would in any way have compromised either the crown or the prince consort. His very delicate and difficult task would, we can well imagine, become intolerable to himself, as it would be oppressive to his readers, if he were to go into the ins and outs of every ministerial crisis, or the minute incidents of the story of the causes of the Crimean War, into which Mr. Kinglake has infused the fire, with something of the freedom, of romance. No doubt Mr. Martin has in the case of Lord Palmerston deviated somewhat from this rule; but it is very obvious that he was driven to do so by the indiscretion of Lord Palmerston's biographer. It could not be otherwise than painful to him to have to say unpleasant things of one who enjoyed so great a name among departed statesmen. All good Englishmen must desire to uphold the reputation of our leading public men at its highest level; and that Mr. Martin is strongly influenced by this desire seems very clear from the prevailing spirit of his volumes.

To have passed over in silence the injurious imputations in Mr. Ashley's book, against both the prince consort and the queen, would have been a fatal mistake, for it would have been construed into an admission that they were well-founded. Nevertheless, Mr. Kinglake, like some others of Lord Palmerston's friends, seems to be angry that these imputations have been met by the unanswerable documents in Mr. Martin's last published volume. In no other way can we account for the bitterness with which, in the edition of his history now being published, Mr. Kinglake speaks of the prince consort. In former editions the prince was mentioned with respect, and even with admiration. A well-known paragraph in his first chapter, as just in appreciation of the prince's political position and influence, as it was admirable in expression, has been cancelled; and in its stead, wherever these

days when he was absent from office, he was in direct communication, as Lord Aberdeen very well knew, with Count Walewski, of whose importunity in pressing the measure at this critical moment Mr. Kinglake is manifestly well aware,—importunity which, it is no secret, was so unseemly, as to provoke from the not too impulsive Lord Clarendon language of spirited rebuke.

are spoken of by Mr. Kinglake, it is that they may be ridiculed or denounced. In what we venture to think doubtful taste, Mr. Kinglake loses no opportunity of sneering at "the two intelligent Germans, the prince consort and the Baron Stockmar" (vol. ii., p. 64, note), and of inviting Mr. Martin to show that the prince did not share the blunders in their Eastern policy with which Mr. Kinglake charges the Aberdeen ministry. Suppose Mr. Martin could show, that, in the instances referred to, the prince (which practically means the queen also) was right, and the government wrong, would he be likely to use his information for such a purpose? It may not have struck Mr. Kinglake, though it certainly could not escape the eye of a writer charged with the responsible task which has been entrusted to Mr. Martin, that to exalt the reputation of the prince at the cost of the responsible advisers of the crown would be an act which the prince would himself have been the first to condemn, and which would be incompatible with Mr. Martin's duty to the sovereign, who has honored him with her confidence.

In the case more immediately before us, we are in a position to show that there is in fact nothing to disclose beyond what is known, and that if Mr. Martin has said so little about it, this was presumably because there was little to say beyond what he has said.

Of this, the correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Lord Aberdeen, which is before us as we write, leaves no room for doubt. Lord Palmerston, as we have said, was hostile to Lord Russell's scheme of reform. The cabinet, as a body, had accepted it. Lord Lansdowne shared many of Lord Palmerston's objections, and to him Lord Palmerston wrote stating his views at great length. He sent a copy of this letter, and of Lord Lansdowne's reply to Lord Aberdeen, on the 10th of December. On the 11th Lord Aberdeen acknowledged the receipt of these papers. "I need scarcely say," he wrote, "that both Lord John and I would greatly rejoice if means could be found to diminish your objections, without impairing the efficient character of the measure. From our recent conversations, however, I cannot feel very sanguine that this would be the case."

On the 14th Lord Aberdeen again wrote:—

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—The objections you have stated to the proposed measure of Parliamentary Reform in your letter to Lans-

downe have now been fully considered by Lord John and by Graham. I have already assured you that a sincere desire existed to meet your views, and, if possible, to obviate your objections; but they appear to be so serious as to strike at the most essential principles of the measure.\* Under these circumstances, we fear that it would be impossible to make any such alterations as could be expected to afford you satisfaction. I very much regret the necessity of making this communication to you, although I concur in the propriety of the decision that has been adopted.

Upon receipt of this letter Lord Palmerston sent in his resignation, which was accepted. However embarrassing to the ministry, it did not take them by surprise, knowing what they did of Lord Palmerston's avowed hostility to the principles of the proposed Reform Bill; and the vacant seals were with her Majesty's sanction offered to Sir George Grey. Lord Palmerston had apparently counted on Lord Lansdowne following his example. But however much the veteran statesman disliked Lord John's innovations, he felt that this was not a time to weaken the government by secession, and he announced his intention to remain. By the 17th this decision was known, and immediately afterwards Lord Palmerston let it be understood by his late colleagues, through common friends, that he wished to reconsider the step he had taken. This gave color to the surmise, very generally entertained at the time, that he had hoped, by carrying Lord Lansdowne with him, to break up the ministry, and so to open the way for his own ambitious aims at the premiership. As it was, he found himself standing alone, having thrown himself out of office upon grounds that would expose him to the condemnation of his Radical admirers. Seeking to damage Lord Aberdeen, he had only damaged himself.

It was clearly of moment to Lord Palmerston's political position, that he should retrieve his blunder as rapidly as possible. Without seeming himself to initiate a movement to this end, it was not difficult to arrange for its being pushed by others. Accordingly negotiations with a view to his resumption of his place at the Home Office were pressed upon the leaders of the cabinet by influential members of the

\* It is important to bear these words in mind, with reference to Lord Palmerston's statement in the letter to be presently quoted, that he had all along "*acquiesced in the leading principles on which the proposed measure is founded.*" Lord Aberdeen, with Lord Palmerston's recent letter to Lord Lansdowne fresh in his mind, must have smiled a very sardonic smile as he read these words.

Liberal party. Sir George Grey held back from accepting the offer made to him. It was seen that the loss of so popular a man as Lord Palmerston might be serious to the ministry, at a juncture when the public interests required that the government should be strong in itself and in the confidence of the country. Lord Palmerston withdrew his objections to reform, avowing that he now agreed to the principle of the measure; and the cabinet, not, we believe, without reluctance, agreed to readmit the repentant rebel into its ranks. What ensued is best told in the following correspondence between Lord Aberdeen and himself:—

Carlton Gardens, 23rd December, 1853.

MY DEAR ABERDEEN,—I find by communications which I have received during the last few days from several members of the Government, that I was mistaken in inferring from your letter of the 14th instant, that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of these details would be listened to.

I am informed, on the contrary, that the whole arrangement is still open to discussion. Under these circumstances, and acquiescing as I have all along done in the leading principles on which the proposed measure has been founded, I cannot decline to comply with the friendly wish expressed to me on the part of many members of the Government that I should withdraw a resignation which they assure me was founded on a misconception on my part, and therefore my letter to you of the 14th may be considered as cancelled if it should suit your arrangements so to deal with it.\*

You will perhaps allow me to add that the decision which I am informed the Cabinet came to yesterday to accede to the proposal of the French Government, whereby the English and French squadrons will have the command of the Black Sea, greatly enters into the

considerations which have led me to address this letter to you.

The Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had a long conversation this morning, has been so good as to undertake to convey this letter to you.—My dear Aberdeen, yours sincerely,  
PALMERSTON.

Argyle House, 24th December, 1853.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—As I had communicated your resignation of office to the Queen, I thought it right to take her Majesty's pleasure before answering your letter received this morning.

I confess that I cannot well understand how you should infer from my letter of the 14th instant, that the details of the intended Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Government, and that no objection to any part of these details would be listened to; as you were yourself a member of a committee which had not completed its deliberations, when by your letter to me of the 10th instant you expressed very decided opinions adverse to all the leading provisions of the proposed measure. However, I wish to say no more upon that which you allow to have been a misconception on your part, and I very readily agree to consider your letter of the 14th as cancelled.

Although not connected with the cause of your resignation, I am glad to find that you approve of a recent decision of the Cabinet with respect to the British and French fleets adopted in your absence. I feel assured you will have learned with pleasure that whether absent or present the Government are duly careful to preserve from injury the interests and dignity of the country.—Ever truly yours,  
ABERDEEN.

With these letters before us, what becomes of Mr. Kinglake's mysterious innuendoes about Lord Palmerston's having been "driven from office"? about disclosures being withheld? about intrigues by colleagues, acting from "undue complacency to the crown"? and about "December, 1853, being a critical month in the prince consort's life"? Mr. Kinglake is a man of too high honor to make any statement which he does not believe to be true; but he should be well assured of his ground before putting forward insinuations so serious. It is not merely that they affect the reputation of statesmen, most of whom are silent in the grave; they impugn the conduct of the sovereign, whose eyes they may never reach, and who, at all events, cannot descend into the arena of controversy to refute them. Why, if the charges which Mr. Kinglake hints were true, did Lord Palmerston never bring them to the proof in his life, when those whom he accuses in letters printed by Mr. Ashley of "conspiracy," domestic and foreign, against him, would have been

\* Mr. Kinglake asks (vol. ii., p. 30, note), "In the midst of those anxious December days when England was fast driving towards war, how came it to happen that a 'difference' on the then flat subject of poor old 'Reform' was so used as to become the means of driving Lord Palmerston from office? That," he adds, "is the step of which I say in the text, that the grounds are withheld." Common sense asks, if Lord Palmerston, to use his own words cited above, "acquiesced in the leading principles" of the proposed Reform Bill, how could that measure have been used as "the means of driving him from office"? Lord John Russell was the father of the measure, but no one of all the members of the cabinet was sorer than he at Lord Palmerston's desertion of his colleagues. Mr. Kinglake would apparently have us believe that Lord John, or Sir James Graham, or Lord Aberdeen, or some other cabinet minister, out of "undue complacency to the crown"—we suppose—"brandished" the question of what places should be disfranchised, and to which other places the vacant seats should be given, "in such a way as to compel Lord Palmerston to retire from the government." If the grounds for such a belief are "withheld," may this not be because they do not exist?

able to meet him face to face? If he never did so, is it too much to assume that he knew that such charges, though they might be insinuated by his devotees in irresponsible newspapers, or expressed in private letters of his own, which, we may feel very sure, were never meant to see the light, must have been confuted with disgrace to their author, if he had thrown down the gauntlet of open defiance? It is one of the mischiefs of crude and rash biographies, like this before us, that they make suggestions such as those of Mr. Kinglake possible, where even ordinary care on the biographer's part in sifting, and ordinary candor in arguing from, the evidence of authentic documents, must have made them absolutely impossible.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
PAULINE.

BLUNDELLSAYE.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOT'S REVELATIONS.

Children and fools speak the truth.

CHARLOTTE JERMYN was in every respect the antipodes of her mother. She was a bluff, downright girl, whose sterling qualities could not fail to meet with a certain amount of appreciation; but, as these were unhappily accompanied by a deficiency in the charms of grace and refinement, they were robbed of the outward garb of attractiveness; and, although possessed of more than one friend, she had never had a lover.

This gave her no uneasiness. She was willing to please, and be pleased; but she could exist without admiration — she only exacted amusement.

The follies of her aunt were tolerated with cheerful equanimity, as long as they appealed to her sense of humor, and as long as she could put an end to the entertainment at any moment she chose, by leaving the room. But to be tied down to Mrs. Wyndham's presence for the greater portion of every day of her life, would have been to her too irksome an existence to have been borne.

Hence the sympathy for Pauline, the unguarded expression of which drew forth her mother's rebuke in the last chapter.

Mrs. Jermyn was as sincere in the administration of that rebuke as a perfectly insincere woman can be, when speaking without reserve or restraint.

As she expatiated upon Miss La Sarte's good fortune in finding such a home, at a time when a home of any sort was sorely needed, she felt strong in the power of truth. She did, in reality, covet the position she extolled. Not, however, on account of the advantages it openly offered, not because of the domestic happiness and the affectionate welcome, on which her eloquence expended itself with fullest unction; these, we may safely aver, did not excite her envy.

But the secret office of Mrs. Wyndham's flatterer and sycophant was one she would gladly have filled, either in person or by proxy.

On this she had counted in the first delightful triumph consequent on the purchase of the Grange. To have Camilla at their very door; to have brought her there themselves; to behold her admired and caressed, a woman of consequence in the neighborhood, and yet admitting none to her confidence but her *own relations*, one or other of whom would be invariably by her side; this was what her prophetic vision had unfolded to Mrs. Jermyn's eyes, and she had been intoxicated by the prospect.

The future acquaintances, parties, furniture, and equipages of her sister-in-law formed endless matter for conjecture or affirmation, and more than one half-hour had been spent in calculating on the probability of Camilla's preferring gold to silver lace on her coachman's hat.

Sir John Finch had gold, Major Soames had silver. Camilla would certainly be oftener driven over to Finch Hall than to the major's cottage. Consequently, as variety is pleasant, Mrs. Jermyn would have preferred silver, but she had a conviction that Camilla would select gold.

This was, however, only a pleasurable meditation — there was no one real drawback to her flutter of excitement and happy anticipation.

Time drew on, and the unfortunate lady stood on the very brink of the exquisite mirage, when it suddenly became dim and blurred.

This was Pauline's doing.

Good heavens! a niece, and a La Sarte, coming to divert the reflected glory of the Grange from falling on Harmony Court! An interloper, a mischief-maker, one of Camilla's blood and race, with claims upon her superior to those of the Jermyns, stepping in between the two!

Naturally Camilla would incline towards one of her own family, if only for pride's sake (tacitly admitting the La Sartes' right



to precedence), and the new-comer, an artful, Frenchified girl, would spare no pains to improve her opportunity.

Pauline was to be regularly domesticated at the Grange, would take the bottom of the table, act, in a manner, as hostess when the Jermyns came over,—the Jermyns, who had looked upon the Grange as little less than their own,—and would, in a word, completely unseat Charlotte and Minnie from the niche to which their, fond mother had in her dreams elected them.

With difficulty she had commanded her countenance and her voice when informed of the downfall of her hopes.

She had entreated her sister-in-law to reconsider the matter, had pointed out with considerable fertility of imagination the evils likely to ensue from the proposed amalgamation; but she could do no more: even she had not dared to suggest to Mrs. Wyndham that a daughter of the house of La Sarte should take steps towards providing for her own maintenance.

At such a proposal, Camilla's eye would have flashed.

For a vain woman, she was curiously proud; and Mrs. Jermyn knew that on any point relating to family dignity, she must touch with extreme delicacy and caution.

She had therefore been compelled to confine herself to affectionate condolences and ingenious prognostications of mischief.

On the other hand, a few lines from Mrs. Wyndham's brother had settled the question. "I have done my best for Tom, and of course you will take his sister."

Mrs. Jermyn felt that "of course" as her death-warrant, and gave up the contest.

"So then, my love, it really is *to be*, and we must all hope it will turn out for the best," she had cried, trying hard to wring a smile out of her blank face.

"When a thing is once *decided* upon, Camilla, you are too good a creature to think of *drawing back*."

Camilla was—too good or too dense. She did not follow the idea thus slipped in edgeways. And that effort had been Mrs. Jermyn's final one.

Her *bête noire* has now actually arrived, and the inaugural ceremony has taken place under her own roof.

The next morning, Pauline having driven out with her aunt, a little episode takes place in the breakfast-room. All the other ladies are gathered there, when the

door opens, and Dot, an inquisitive eight-year-old piece of precocity, spoilt by her mother, and snubbed by her sisters, strolls idly in.

Instantly there is a lull in the conversation, for experience has warned all present that Dot is not a safe listener. Mamma returns to the account-book on the table before her, Charlotte takes up her work, and Minnie goes away. This is hard on Dot, who is instantly possessed of a raging desire to know the extent of her deprivation. "What is it all about?" peevishly demands the innocent. "What are you all talking about? I know you were talking, for I heard you outside, and you stopped when I came in. You never tell me anything."

Charlotte.—"Get away, child. You shouldn't listen, and then you wouldn't know whether you were told or not."

Dot.—"I did not listen, I only *heard*. I'll listen next time though, and *you* won't know whether I'm there or not."

"You will only get punished, you stupid little thing. Why are you not at your lessons?"

"Mademoiselle is not coming to-day. She has a headache."

"Well, go to the schoolroom, then. We can't have you here."

"You are always sending me away," whimpers the child. "Mayn't I stay, mamma? Mayn't I stay?"

An uplifted pen, enjoining silence, is her only answer; whilst mamma's lips move, in silent addition of figures that will not balance correctly.

Accordingly there breaks forth imperious whine No. 2. "Mayn't I stay, mamma?"

"Stay? Yes, poor child! why not?" The sum is finished, and noted down. "Stay if you like," replies Mrs. Jermyn, cheerfully.

"Oh, of course she may stay, and of course she may do whatever she likes, and pry into everything, and carry tales, and make mischief, as she always does!" exclaims the sister, disrespectfully. "But I, for one, decline to be pried into. I sha'n't stay if she does."

"Charlotte is so cross to me, mamma," from the plaintiff.

"Charlotte, how can you be so cross to the poor child? What harm is she doing you? And don't you see she is not well?"

Exit Charlotte without reply. Dot, briskly, "What is it about, mamma?"

"About, my dear?"

"It's about Pauline, I know, for I heard



them say her name. What is it about her and Aunt Camilla? Do tell me, mamma. You might tell me."

"Oh, never mind, my dear. Little girls can't be told everything."

"But I want to know, mamma, and I won't tell anybody else. Do say, mamma. Mamma, do say."

"My dear, poor Pauline has lost all her money, and kind Aunt Camilla is going to take her to live at the Grange. That is all."

"But why are you *sorry* that she is come? Why did you say you wished to goodness that she had been sent anywhere else? I *heard* you say that, mamma." And with the words the small cunning eyes (apparently a pair of her own, made down for Dot) search her through and through.

"How did you know I was speaking of Pauline, child? You should not fasten down to any particular person half a sentence that your ears happen to catch when you are coming into a room. The greatest mistakes in the world are made in that way," cleverly observes mamma, with an impressive air.

"Oh, but I *heard* you say Pauline." Dot nods her head to enforce the emphasis. "So there wasn't *any* mistake. And I know I *don't* make mistakes; I *never* do. I heard you say it quite distinctly; and I want to know why? Because it's funny" (mysteriously) "that somebody else wishes the very same thing, and he wrote it, too."

"Who wrote it? What do you mean? Wrote it to you?"

"Oh no; to her—to Pauline. He wrote, or she wrote—somebody wrote; but you tell me first, and then I will tell you."

"What am I to tell you, silly one? You know all I said, it seems, already. But, Dot, remember, that if you repeat it to any one—sisters, or Aunt Camilla, or *any one*—I shall be very, very greatly ill-pleased indeed. It would be most unkind, most *unfeeling* to say it again. Remember that. If I thought I could not trust you, I should never have told you now."

"You never did tell me, mamma. You didn't tell me a thing. I heard it all for myself, and the other one too, and I want to know *why*?"

A labored explanation, and then, "What do you mean about the other one? It was odd of Pauline to read out her letter to a child like you."

"Oh, she didn't read it," Dot candidly allows. "I read it."

"You? How did you read it?"

"I read it, because I found it. I found it in her room, under the dressing-table, when you were all at dinner. And I gave it to her afterwards."

"Oh, Dot, for shame! To read people's letters, and then come and tell what was in them! Never do that again, my dear; it is a very *naughty* thing to do."

"It was only a little bit, mamma" (slightly abashed). "It was only because it was about Mr. Blundell; and Roberts says he thinks Mr. Blundell is to come back to-day, and that we shall not be allowed to go through the farm any more. We do like to go through the farm so much, and he has been away so long. I wonder why he should come back at all."

"You are making some mistake, child. It could not be the same Mr. Blundell; or you have read the name wrong. Pauline is not likely to know anything about this Mr. Blundell."

"Somebody knows, who wrote the letter. Who was it wrote the letter?"

"Her brother—her brother, dear," impatiently.

"He knows, then. He called him Blundell; and oh, I am sure it was our *very own* Mr. Blundell, because the letter *said* he was coming back, and Roberts said so too!"

"And was this all? I really think, Dot, you ought to tell me all you read—though I don't approve of your reading it, mind, and you must never do such a thing again—but you had better tell me now what you can remember, just that I may show you what a silly little head you have got to take up such fancies."

"I didn't take up fancies." Dot grows sullen. "I saw it, and I am sure I was right. It said he was on his way to Blundellsaye—oh, *there!* It said *Blundell-saye*, so of course it was him—"

"He, dear, not 'him.'" Mrs. Jermyn corrects, coolly; but in reality she is impressed. "And what besides, Dot?"

"Oh, just that. And then directly after—because I was reading that, and I *saw* just below—'I wish you had been sent anywhere else.' And I did not read any more—not a word. I wonder why he wished Pauline had been sent anywhere else? She has not been sent to Blundellsaye!"

"William," said Mrs. Jermyn, carelessly addressing her husband, at the luncheon-table, and choosing a pause, when her

words could not but be heard by every one at table, "did you know that Mr. Blundell returns home to-day? I daresay we shall meet him to-night at Finch Hall."

The moment for the remark was carefully chosen, and she was inclined to think she had done well in making it.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF HIM!

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us!

It is half past six o'clock in the evening, and the dressing-bell has rung at Finch Hall.

Can there be a greater bore among bores than the dressing-bell? Imagine the bore magnified to its greatest degree. Picture to yourself a blazing fire to be left behind; a newspaper, still unread, to be abandoned; a bundle of aching limbs to be forced up-stairs, and the prospect of transferring the same to fresh garments in the cool atmosphere of a November evening, and you may perhaps arouse in your bosom, if it is a pitiful one, some sense of compassion for young Dolly Finch, who, left by himself in the library at the close of a hard day's hunting, sunk in the depths of an armchair, and full of weary comfort, was just dropping off into a gentle doze when he was sharply aroused by the unwelcome summons.

Dolly was the sworn enemy of bells in general, and of this imperious courtyard bell — this harsh, noisy, inexorable clang-clang — in particular.

It never found him ready. It never found him ashamed.

According to his mood, he regarded it with indifference or disgust.

The present was an evening for indifference. There was nobody by to order him off; he sputtered a sleepy execration, blinked his eyelids, frowned, and looked straight in front of him.

All was peaceful again, and the flickering firelight wooed his outraged feelings to forgetfulness. His head drooped forward, and hung upon his breast.

Anon he heard the sweet music of the hounds, and the patter of hoofs. Now he is sailing over an empty field, the fox well in sight. He loses her! He clears a fence! Hi, he is down! Some one is pulling him from under the horse, shaking him, shouting in his ears with a voice like a trumpet. He starts to his feet, and manfully grasps — the armchair!

By his side stands his father, observing,

with a gentle yawn, "Wake up, Dolly. Time to dress."

Heavily sighed poor Dolly now.

There would be no further respite. He is still in pink; his boots were splashed, and his cap and whip lay on the floor by his side.

He must go, of course. Of course. He *is* going. He is only waiting a moment. Where is his cap? Eh? The voice growing ever more and more inarticulate.

"Dolly, Dolly, Dolly! Time to dress, you know."

"All right, sir," with another sigh. "Lots of time."

"Not such lots, I can tell you. It is, by me, let me see — it only wants a quarter now. And there are some people coming to dinner, you know."

"I'll be ready," creeping to the front of the chair, in preparation for the effort of rising. "I don't take any time."

"Well, you had better be as quick as you can. I went down to the farm just now," continued Sir John, "and —"

"Oh, I forgot," broke in Dolly, calling his wits together. "I meant to tell you, Benson says we sha'n't get those oats. Ralph Blundell's come back."

"I was going to tell you that. I passed him outside the gate just now."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Oh, I gave him a sort of nod. There were half-a-dozen of them in the drag — as disreputable-looking a set as usual. That one with the long moustache, he was there. What do you call him? Harcourt? Chaworth — that's it. He was facing me. Blundell was driving, and that young cousin of his, Wilmot Blundell's son, whom I suppose he has undertaken to lead to the dogs as fast as it can be done, was on the box beside him."

"I hope you were not rude to him, sir?"

"I was not *rude* to him. I don't know what you mean by being *rude* to him. I just gave him a nod like this," repeating the performance. "I did not take off my hat, and salaam down to the ground before him — if you mean that."

Whether he meant that or not, Dolly did not explain. He was silent, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and after a few moments thus passed, the father continued, bringing his eyebrows together, and scanning his son's countenance as he spoke, "You are not intending to call there, I suppose?"

"I must, some time or other. You won't; and if neither of us went, it would look so abominably uncivil."

"What do we care if it does look un-

civil? We have no particular need to show civility to a man who is the pest of the neighborhood."

"I must just call," said Dolly with decision. "Don't ask him here, unless you like. But everybody will call."

"You will do as you please, of course. You usually do. But I shall have nothing to say to him."

"I cannot imagine why you should make it a personal matter, sir. He has never done you any harm that you know of."

"He won't do *me* any harm, I'll take very good care of that. I'm not likely to be harmed; but there are those who are, and not very far off either. I won't have you making a friend of that man, Dolly; so you need not think of it."

"Making a friend of him, because I leave a card!"

"Ay, making a friend of him. That will be the next thing. You will meet him with the hounds, and you will be invited to Blundellsaye, and you will go wherever he asks you, and do whatever he tells you —"

"A precious fool you make me out!" broke forth Dolly, never more indignant than at a hint of this kind.

"Fool enough, if anybody asks you to play the fool," unhesitatingly rejoined his father.

"Do you think I have no mind of my own, sir?"

"Mind of your own? No. If you have any mind of your own, it is kept for your mother, and sisters, and me. For the rest, anybody may pull you about with a string."

This was too much — the young man flushed with passion.

"That's a nice sort of thing to say to a fellow! It's a beastly shame to say such a thing!"

He rose to go, and the father's heart smote him.

"Well, Dolly, it was. I ask your pardon, and let me see I was wrong as soon as you can. I don't wish to see a son of mine tied to his mother's apron-string any more than you do. Choose your friends, bring them here, and so long as they are respectable, and gentlemen, they shall always have a welcome. But take my advice — it is only my *advice*, mind — and have nothing to do with Ralph Blundell."

Blundell's reappearance was commented upon at the dinner-table that evening, with the alacrity a new topic must ever inspire.

There was a large party, but although Mrs. Jermyn had opined that he would be

present, none of the others had expected for a moment to meet him. It was years since he had been seen at Finch Hall, where sobriety and decorum had always prevailed, and where an irregular life was less likely to meet with toleration than at any other house in the neighborhood.

Nevertheless the event was interesting, even to the hosts. They knew Ralph Blundell, and had done so since his boyhood. Lady Finch asked after him in a maternally sad voice. She could not help feeling grieved whenever she looked across to that deserted, lonely house. She remembered the two brothers, such fine, manly boys, always together, and so fond of each other, that you never saw them apart.

Their poor mother was so proud of them! She used to say her sons were better to her than any daughter could have been. As long as she lived, everything had gone on smoothly at Blundellsaye. The poor young men! They had been left so entirely without restraint afterwards, that one ought to have the deepest pity for them, — one ought to make the greatest allowances.

The gentle creature being well out of her husband's hearing gave free vent to the feelings her compassionate nature prompted.

At the other end of the table, the tone adopted towards the same subject was different.

Had there not been something strange about Ralph Blundell lately? What was it? Had he been off his head? Had he never been at Blundellsaye since his brother's death? Where had he been? Was he all right now?

It was not without emotion that Pauline heard the name bandied from one to the other.

There was no need for her to speak. No one imagined that a stranger could have any remark to make on a subject that had so purely local an interest. They did not trouble her with it; but adapting himself to her presumed taste, a little man on her left hand, who had been appealed to as an authority more than once, thus addressed her, —

"And I suppose croquet is quite discarded for lawn-tennis now?"

"I suppose so," said she, absently.

"Are you a great player?"

"A — a what?"

"A great lawn-tennis player. The ladies about here are uncommonly good at it."

"Are they? Which?"

He stared a little. "Oh, that one in pink down there, is one of our best hands. She and her sister play splendidly. It is the greatest fun in the world having one of them for your partner; you have nothing to do but to stand still with your bat in your hand, and let her run about! You are sure to win."

A sympathetic smile disguised her inattention, and he proceeded easily.

"I don't say I'm a good player, you know; I don't say that. I never can hit the balls when there are a lot of people about, and everybody seems in a fuss and bustle. I can play splendidly by myself. At least I could, if it weren't for that nuisance of a net. Don't you think the net is a nuisance? I don't see but that we should do just as well without it. No one wants a game to be such desperately hard work."

"No, certainly," replied she, catching the last sentence.

"I often go out and have a round when there is nobody by," he continued, confidentially, "and I hit every time. 'Pon my word I do. I never miss. People say to me sometimes at parties, 'Fennel, how on earth don't you play better? You are always at it.' But they never see me when I am by myself, you know. It puts me out playing with other people."

"Yes?"

"It was just the same at croquet. I could play it splendidly, if I was let alone; but people used to get in one's way so awfully. And then I never could find my ball, for somebody always must needs send it somewhere just when it was wanted! I used to say to the people, 'My good people, if you would only have the goodness to let me alone, I could get through my hoops well enough; but it is so confoundingly disagreeable to be interfered with at every moment.' Just when all the world is standing looking on at one part of the ground, you know, to have to go running about all over the place in search of your ball! It really is too bad, sometimes! I used to get awfully sat upon at croquet, Miss La Sartre. 'Pon my word I did."

"That is over now—isn't it?" She tried to speak pleasantly, tried to smile, and do her part as became a well-mannered young woman; but it was hard work, for reasons not difficult to imagine.

He was satisfied, however, and recommenced. "It is one comfort that there are such a lot of balls at lawn-tennis."

"Yes—there are—there ought to be a number always."

"Only nobody seems to care how they send a ball at you. It is up about your ears all in a moment, before you know it's off. And then they—they expect you to send it back again, you know," to Charlotte Jermyn, on his other side.

"Do they? Actually?" said she.

"They ought to send it fair—oughtn't they? They ought to give a fellow a chance of seeing it coming towards him, instead of whizzing it over the net, within an inch of the top. I always send my balls a good long way up. There is nothing more stupid than people trying to show off, and making themselves disagreeable. Especially in a game."

"Who was it now, Mr. Fennel? Somebody has been maltreating you, I know."

But Mr. Fennel was prudent, and would not reveal his persecutors.

He had no desire to converse with Charlotte, and had already begun to be fascinated by the fair lady on his right hand, wherefore he turned again to her. So far, he certainly could not be said to have gained much of her attention; but attributing this to maidenly bashfulness, he essayed to overcome it.

Pauline had been silent, thinking on what she had heard before this chatterer began.

She had half expected to meet Blundell himself this evening. She had almost looked forward to the meeting, so strong was her resolution to face him with the same smile wherewith she had bidden him "good-bye," to chat with him easily, answer his questions with indifference, and recall reminiscences with spirit.

It had been a relief to find the party complete without him; but, perhaps, it had been something of a disappointment also.

She was so anxious to test her courage; nay, more, to prove to him that if he had suspected, if he ever could have suspected—pshaw! suspected what? Was it likely that he would for a moment contemplate such an absurdity, as that there had been found, not *one*, but *two*—two, so inordinately simple as to mistake the meaning of a few common compliments?

For Elsie, poor impulsive child—for a girl of seventeen, who had seen nobody, and had been nowhere, it was a trifle; but for *her*, in all the dignity of her twenty-one years—she could but blush to think of it!

Well, she would stand before him now, and let her face dare him to imagine anything so wild and fabulous.

Oh, how nicely she would talk about



their pleasant meeting, their charming sail, the fine weather which had preceded his stay, and which had returned to them immediately after his departure! She would not make the two years which had passed since they met, excuse for any lapse of memory. Rather, she would have it all fresh before her (as indeed it was). She would playfully assure him, that, whatever he might have done, they had good cause to remember his visit. He had inflicted on them too many stay-at-home afternoons. Never before or since had such rain been seen at Gourloch, and he had taken it away with him when he went. He was undoubtedly the "Flying Dutchman."

After this neat and happy opening, to all of which he would of course make suitable rejoinders—they could slide into an easy vein. Conventional topics would follow, and the worst would be over.

They might meet afterwards, as often as a small neighborhood rendered probable; she would not care.

"Do you hunt at all?" said Mr. Fennel. He had finished his *pâté*, and was unwilling to remain longer silent. The *pâté* had claimed his attention at the moment when he was turning from Charlotte to Pauline, and he had found it good.

Pauline started. Why could he not let her alone, this little rabbit-faced man, with his head half under the table?

"No, I don't," she replied, snappishly.

"Do you"—slowly—"skate?"

"No."

"Oh?"

A pause, in which, "Oh dear, Mr. Jermyn, I had never heard that before!" "Did you know the Boorhams, Lady Finch?" "Miss Willoughby says the hounds were quite at fault." "Ha! ha! ha! Did you hear that, major?" were audible in bass and treble notes up and down the table.

Pauline had a moment's respite. Then, "Why don't you hunt?" resumed the little man by her side.

"I don't think I care for it."

"But you could, if you tried. That's to say unless you are nervous. It won't do to be nervous, you know; but I am sure," with his little eyes bent tenderly upon her—"I am sure that *you* are not nervous, Miss La Sarte?"

Whether or not, he was never fated to learn. A loud, passionate voice had risen above the others, and the broken utterances, audible to all at the lower end of the table, had deafened Pauline's ear to his tasteless prattle. The speaker was Sir John Finch. "He is a disgrace to the

neighborhood! That is what I think, and I don't care who hears me! What are you knocking me under the table for?" in an angry aside to his son (whom a disarrangement of the dinner-table had placed by his side). "I *will* say what I think in my own house."

"Do be quiet, sir, for your own sake."

Dolly's still lower reply was just heard, and no more. He was red with vexation, and hung his head over the plate before him.

"For my sake? For *whose* sake?" cried the old man, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands, and glaring from side to side. "It is not for *my* sake, I can tell you. Tchick! let me alone, can't you? I say, I am sorry he has ever come back; and I hope, whatever other people may do, that no son of mine —"

"Major Soames," said Dolly, loudly, "were you—ah—did you, ah—how did you get out of that slough after all? It was rather a nasty place to get into, wasn't it?"

But of whom had they been talking? Who was it the father would keep from his son? For whose return was he sorry?

Do what she would, Pauline could not rid herself of the foolish idea, that if a name had been mentioned, it would have been that of Blundell.

Absurd, was it not? So absurd as to rouse her indignation. Supposing that it *had* been, what then was the meaning of it? He might indeed—she could not say—she supposed it was not unlikely that at one time or other of his life he had not been all he ought to be. He had lived as other men of the world live.

It was sad, of course—terribly sad. But the follies of youth, renounced and forsaken, were they to be held over him for the term of his life?

He was no longer very young, he had spoken of them with repugnance, with resolution to . . . "But I suppose you like dancing?" The voice was that of her tormentor. He had still hope; the persistent little countenance shone with a new inspiration. She did not hunt; she did not skate; she responded but coldly to suggestions of lawn-tennis, and once-honored croquet: but dancing! he had about hit it now. Every girl in her heart liked dancing.

"Surely you like dancing, Miss La Sarte?"

"I *hate* it," said Pauline.

Charlotte Jermyn, on his other side, laughed aloud.

"Why do you not try to find out my



tastes, Mr. Fennel? I hunt, and I skate, and I dance; and you have never so much as taken the pains to ask me if I do or not."

"Because—because I know you do, Miss Jermyn. And I couldn't ask you when I knew it already—could I, now? Besides, where would be the use? You are rather sharp upon me now, you are indeed."

"Oh, that was it, was it? But then, when you have once ascertained what Miss La Sarte's inclinations tend to, will you never speak to her afterwards, either? Because, if that is to be the way, I can tell you at once, to save all further trouble on your part. I will furnish you with a complete list of her likings and dislikings,—the dislikings will swell the list considerably, judging from to-night's experience. Now, will you accept my offer? It is very good-natured of me to make it; and I only behave so generously to you out of consideration for the valiant efforts you have been making all through dinner, and for the scanty success with which they have been rewarded. Now you shall have time and peace to enjoy your olives. You don't really care for talking, I know, though you are such a good talker."

The little man saw he was laughed at, and his eyes shot fire.

"When I do talk, Miss Jermyn, I like, if you please, to choose whom I will talk to."

Saying which he turned his shoulder upon her.

Charlotte colored with mortification. She knew the man to be a fool, and had not been by any means delighted to find herself conducted by him to the dining-room; but she had not chosen to be neglected, even by Mr. Fennel.

On her other hand sat a silent, heavily-consuming old gentleman, with whom a few remarks between the courses were all that was attainable.

She had not come to the party to sit without uttering a word. She had not argued with Minnie for the right of being the Miss Jermyn included in the invitation, for this. Nor had her pink dress been hurried home from the dressmaker, for this. Nor had the first camellia of the season been ruthlessly abstracted from the greenhouse to adorn her hair, for this.

It was rather an event for the Jermyns to dine at Finch Hall, and Charlotte had come prepared to enjoy her evening after a downright, thoroughgoing, robust fashion. The beauty and grace of brown-

haired Pauline did not cost her honest heart a pang. She meant to talk, and laugh, and have great fun. So she had told Minnie to whom the fun would be rehearsed in due time, and who was even now contemplating it, as, Cinderella-like, she spent her lonely evening by the school-room fire.

Alas, for the subject of her visions! Poor Charlotte! When the little worm on whom she had been trampling turned upon her she was dumb. She was astounded, and in a manner shipwrecked. She knew of no navigation which would enable her to steer out of such waters.

That he should dare! *He!* Little Fennel, whom all his neighbors laughed at, and made game of!

And she had rather liked to be on good terms with Little Fennel, too; for Little Fennel went everywhere and knew everybody, and the Jermyns were not exactly at home in the society to which they were suffered occasionally to gain admittance.

Very few cards had been left at Harmony Court when it first passed into the hands of the retired attorney; and it had required patience, tact, and time to place the family on the desired level where they now stood, but stood, as it were, on the outside edge.

Little Fennel, contemptible Little Fennel, stood upon this level, firmly established upon both his feet.

He was in the very heart and core of that society, into which they could penetrate no deeper than the rind. He belonged to it by right, knew its customs, used its shibboleths. He was present, invariably present, at those cosy, informal reunions, reports of which chilled the Jermyns' ears; and on the more public occasions, at gatherings from which it would have been a slight to exclude them, Charlotte, standing awkwardly alone, or grasping at the passing salutations of such acquaintances as she possessed, had often been well-pleased to see one whom she could address with any degree of familiarity.

She had been wont to play upon his weakness, to amuse him with her chatter, and to amuse every one else by the audacity with which she bantered him, and the skill wherewith she ministered to his vanity and his credulity.

She had carried this too far. She had been more completely put down than she had ever been in her life before, and that by the last person in the world from whom such a rebuff might have been expected.

In silence, therefore, she drew on her gloves, and followed the other ladies to the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A TERRIBLE MAN.

"CHARLOTTE, my love, do come and look at these *beautiful* prints."

Mrs. Jermyn, trying hard to keep her footing on the outer edge of the level before alluded to, was painfully aware of what a narrow and uncomfortable edge it was.

She, too, had had her vexations in the dining-room. Her petty pride had been wounded. No precedence had been given to her.

This, to a nature which loved to dwell on trifles, which made much of small distinctions, meant a great deal.

Undoubtedly, she argued, Mrs. Wyndham had been something above her husband in the social scale; but Mr. Wyndham had been Mrs. Jermyn's brother, and his widow need not have been placed so very much above his sister. There was Camilla escorted in by a general, and there was Mr. Jermyn's wife left to his aide-de-camp.

Camilla smiling and jubilant; Camilla chattering like a magpie; Camilla joked about *liqueur*!

No one had encouraged Mrs. Jermyn's chatter, and her aide-de-camp, unjust youth, had been sulky. There had been defaulters,—a note had been handed in just before dinner,—and in the consequent readjustment of the table, he felt that he had suffered. Lady Finch had not been happy in her selection.

Nor had the unfortunate lady, on whom his spleen vented itself, the comfort of perceiving the rest of her family fare better.

She had noted the neglect of her daughter, whose clouded brow openly betrayed it. As to her husband, provocation in that quarter was chiefly confined to the fact, that, whilst of no importance to anybody, he appeared well satisfied to be ignored.

Impatiently she waited for the move, but her expectation that a change of scene would produce happier results seemed in danger of remaining unfulfilled.

Lady Finch escorted two young mothers up-stairs to see Juliet's baby—her own first grandchild. Juliet adhered to Miss La Sarte, the sweet stranger-looking girl. Mrs. Wyndham and the general's wife

comfortably filled the sofa in the chimney-corner; and the Jermyns were again left out in the cold.

"Are they not *exquisite*?"

Charlotte had obeyed the call, and the appeal to her taste was made as she stood by her mother's chair. Mrs. Jermyn was sinking under the weight of an enormous folio, which with one hand she endeavored to prevent sliding off her knee, the other being occupied with her coffee-cup.

"There was one a few pages back," continued she, "with such a *lovely* light upon it; I think it must have been a Turner. Not that one—no, that was not it; it was not so far back as that."

"Oh, bother the book!" exclaimed her unsympathizing companion. "You will let it fall, mamma, or spill your coffee, or something. What made you take up such a great lumbering thing?"

"My dear! *Lumbering*? It is rather heavy; but it is a most *magnificent* volume; and you know how *devoted* I am to pictures of all kinds."

"Photographs will do, then. Here, take this instead," said Charlotte, handing her an album. "Give me that mountain of a book. It was never meant to be taken off the table."

"Perhaps one could *enjoy* it better there." Mrs. Jermyn still persevered in her pleased and interested smile. "Perhaps a little thing like this is more easily held. Thank you, Charlotte; now we can look them over nicely together. Who is this, I wonder?"

"No one you are in the least likely to know, mamma. Pass on, or we shall be all night about it."

"How impatient you are, my dear! Oh, there is dear Lady Finch! How very *delightfully* good that is! Herself, exactly as she looked at dinner! And Sir John! Capital! Nothing could be more—Dear me! is it Sir John? Look, Charlotte. Dress does alter one so! It—"

"Would never turn that old gentleman into Sir John Finch," said Charlotte, with an irrepressible laugh. "Mamma, how can you be so—Don't you see his hat, and his stockings, if you look at nothing else? That is the old dean, Lady Finch's father, who is over eighty. No more like Sir John than I am!"

"People do get so sadly abused in photographs!" murmured her mother, apologetically. "I thought it was not *very* like; but still—Oh! who are you, my dear?" to a little girl who had entered meanwhile, and was shyly passing up the room. "Come and speak to me," con-

tinued Mrs. Jermyrn, in her most inviting accents, "and" (inevitable demand) "tell me your name."

The child came reluctantly.

"Well," said the lady, with a smile, "what is it?"

"Marianne."

"Oh! Marianne. And whose little girl are you? Which of these ladies is your mamma?"

"She is not here. I have come with Aunt Louisa. Please let me go to her."

"Aunt Louisa? Which is she?" Lady Finch with her party having reappeared, there was a little gathering on the hearth-rug.

"She is behind them," said the child, readily. "And she looked to me to come, just now." There was no detaining Marianne; and Mrs. Jermyrn had again to fall back upon her daughter.

"I thought she could hardly be a *grand-child*," she began. "I could not fancy Lady Finch with a granddaughter of that age—could you? Charlotte," with a quick change of voice, "Charlotte."

"Well, mamma?"

"Stoop down a little. You can be bending over the book. Don't you think that your and Minnie's white silks would make up into something like that?"

"Lady Finch is speaking to you, mamma."

Caught at the single moment when she was off her guard, Mrs. Jermyrn felt that hers was a cruel case. She had been practising smiles and pretty speeches for the best part of half an hour, and after all her semblance of being pleasantly and profitably occupied, she had been detected in the indecorum of whispering to her daughter, and Lady Finch, evidently with a feeling of apology for past neglect, was hoping that she was not cold, and begging her to come nearer the fire.

After this she could not well plead the absorbing interest of the photograph-book. People don't whisper, and nod, and stare in another direction, if the mind is centred on photographs before them.

She was obliged to rise without referring to her employment—and in rising to show, not more alacrity than she *felt*, but more than she wished to appear to feel.

Anything, however, was preferable to being excluded from the charmed circle; and a little attention for the rest of the evening went far towards consoling her for the mortifications she had undergone at its commencement.

No such mortifications had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Wyndham; and accordingly

she was in high good-humor with the whole entertainment.

The company was charming, the decorations beautiful, and the dinner excellent. She did not know when she had had so pleasant an evening.

"Pauline, my love," cried she, on the following day, "you made a perfect sensation! You did indeed! What did you think, Selina? Am I not right in saying so? And I can tell you, my dears, that there were one or two *partis* present, who were quite unexceptionable, *quite*."

"Mr. Fennel, for instance," said Charlotte, whom a night's rest had so completely restored to serenity that she was disposed to look upon her past discomfiture in the light of a jest. "Mr. Fennel is a *parti* after your own heart, Aunt Camilla. His attentions were quite unequivocal, *quite*. A charming young man, I can assure you. And he had neither eyes nor ears—neither *eyes* nor *ears*—for anybody in the room, but the *one*, the very particular *one*, you know. He has the *savoir faire* to perfection, he has indeed. And *that*, so few young men have—"

"Charlotte, you make my head ache," frowned her mother, as the mimicry grew too obvious. "You permit no one to speak but yourself."

"Oh, don't say that, mamma, for I was just going to tell you all about it. You can have no idea of the efforts I made to gain a little, a very little, share of his attention, but it was of no use. 'Pon my word it wasn't!" sliding into the Fennel voice. "I don't say he is much of a companion, you know—I don't say that. But still, it is rather a nuisance to have nobody to talk to at all; don't you think so? I can talk splendidly by myself, if I am only let alone, but it puts one out so when there are a lot of people all talking at the same time. Especially if there's nobody talking to me. One can't exactly go on talking to one's self at a party, can one?"

Pauline could not but laugh.

"Confess that was good," cried Charlotte, in her own natural manner, "and it will recompense me for all I underwent. You know how much that was."

"What are you talking about, my dear?" interposed Mrs. Wyndham, taking all in good part. "I don't quite understand. Mr. Fennel was not rude to you, I hope? He appeared to me to be an agreeable young man, and he was really extremely kind and civil about the Grange. He tells me he will be almost our next neighbor. He is going to call. So are the Finches,

and Major Soames. It seems to me *everybody* is going to call. I foresee we shall be quite *besieged*, Pauline—I do indeed."

"You had better not let them all in at once," said Charlotte, mischievously, "or they may do as the besiegers sometimes did of old, turn upon each other. Admit them one by one, Aunt Camilla, 'on approbation,' as the shopmen say."

"Are *all* to be admitted—all, without exception, dear?" Mrs. Jermyn was looking significantly at her sister as she spoke, and the look evidently recalled something to Mrs. Wyndham's remembrance.

"What do you say, Pauline? Shall it be a fair field and no favor? Are we to extend our gracious permission to all, even to this terrible Mr. Blundell?"

"Mr. Blundell!" said Pauline, with a little start.

"Perhaps Pauline may not like to hear him called 'terrible,'" said Mrs. Jermyn. "Did you not say he was a friend, my dear?"

She had not said it, but this escaped the girl. She was upset all in a moment, and her color went and came, as she answered, stammering, "Of Tom's, yes. I have only met him once, some years ago."

"So you see he may not be 'terrible' at all!" cried Mrs. Jermyn, gaily. "Do you know he is going to be your next neighbor?"

Pauline made no reply.

"For my part, I love a 'terrible' man," babbled Mrs. Wyndham. "And to confess the truth, the man whom I am warned to barricade my doors against, is the very man whom I should like of all others to open them to."

"My dear Camilla!" But Mrs. Jermyn laughed. By this time Pauline was ready to speak, and there was something she wished to say.

"Mr. Blundell was very kind to Tom when he was a schoolboy, and afterwards I met him at my aunt's, Lady Calverley's. We all liked him very much then. Is there any reason why he—is there anything against him?" she asked, plainly, and then her heart beat with the consciousness of having put a great, simple question.

"Oh dear, no," exclaimed Mrs. Jermyn, fervently. "At least I cannot imagine that there is. You did not hear anything, did you? If there had been anything detrimental to him to be said, it would certainly have been mentioned at Finch Hall. Mr. Blundell is a little talked about in some quarters, but there cannot be anything *really* of any consequence against his character, or Sir John, who is *such* a good

judge, and *such* a particular man in every respect, would have been sure to know."

Mrs. Wyndham stared.

How odd! Had Selina really missed that scene at dinner, heard nothing of that little ebullition between Sir John and his son, all about this very Mr. Blundell? So outspoken as Sir John had been! so loud and noisy about it! Mrs. Wyndham thought that nobody present could by any chance have escaped hearing him.

Dear! Did Camilla really mean it? When, how, and where was it? Mrs. Jermyn could hardly believe such a thing. What? Sir John so determined against him? So resolved to have no intercourse? Was Camilla *sure* about it? How *extraordinary*! There must really be something more—more—there must, she was afraid, be *some* truth in the reports spread abroad, which, for her part, she had always hitherto so *strenuously* refused to believe.

Then she looked her desire for more.

Mrs. Wyndham had only been waiting for a pause, and was ready to strike in immediately.

She could not understand how Selina had not *heard* him. Selina was certainly not too far off. Every one round had listened. Pauline had, surely, observed the scene?—had noticed how annoyed young Mr. Finch had been, and how he had done his best to keep his father quiet?

Yes, Pauline allowed, she had. And Pauline had an intuition, amounting to a certainty, that so also had the lady opposite her.

Why Mrs. Jermyn should care to conceal that such was the case she could not conjecture, but of the fact she was certain.

For ends of her own, she was making use of what had escaped from an incautious old man in a fit of ill-temper.

Was Pauline going to be so imposed upon? She dissolved the whole testimony in her scorn, and threw it over.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

BARRY CORNWALL.\*

OF all men in the world the biographer of Lamb deserved to be fortunate in his own biographer, and the volume before us, fragmentary as it is, conveys a complete impression of the charm which the compiler has felt. We hardly know Mr. Procter when we have read it, but we

\* Bryan Walter Procter (Barry Cornwall). G. Bell and Sons.



know why he was loved by all who knew him. The book is full, one might say, of the perfume of a flower which has bloomed its time, and it is rather a gain than a loss that there is no print of the discolored petals on the leaves. If one wishes to see how the dead flower looked in the keen air that killed it, one must turn to Miss Martineau, who made Procter the subject of one of the shrewdest and not the least kindly of her sketches. At first it looks as if it were her talent to pick out the facts of the poet's personality, while it was C. P.'s talent to explain facts away; but after all it is C. P. who leaves the impression of a character which might be conceived as a whole. This is the more important because Mr. Procter, like Lamb, originally owed his place in the literary world quite as much to his personality as to his talent. Lamb's personality had a piquancy which can be explained, but Mr. Procter's charm, though as genuine and as potent, was more indefinite.

"His small figure, his head not remarkable for much beside its expression of intelligent and warm good-will, and its singular likeness to that of Sir Walter Scott; his conversation, which had little decision or 'point' in the ordinary sense, and often dwelt on truths which a novelty-loving society banishes from its repertory as truisms, never disturbed the effect, in any assemblage, of his real distinction. His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous than the wit, philosophy, and assurance of others. When such a man expressed himself more or less truthfully in a series of gracious poems, of which he alone of all his circle did not seem proud, it naturally followed that all who knew him were eager to declare and extend the credit and honor to which he had aspired with so much simplicity, and which he bore with so entire an absence of self-assertion. The tradition of such a character has the power of lingering in the world even when the life has been so uneventful as to leave little scope for biography and even for anecdote. And the writings which are the outcome of that character are floated down by such tradition to a posterity which might never have heard of them but for this proof of their genuineness."

That is true, and admirable, and generous, and yet it points to another point of view. Observe that the system of female kinship is limitation: the chief lesson of the lives of Byron, or Shelley, or Burns, is how much their inspiration cost; but we do not admire the inspiration less

because it was visibly at the cost of the life. Their greatness is such that we feel judgment to be an impertinence; it is only of smaller men that the observation holds good. "Their ways cast suspicion on their works, and the reputation of a man of genius who lacks in his life the courage or the habits of his inspiration may suffer for generations, or even forever, if his biography happens to have been such or so written as to go down to posterity with his truer self."

Mr. Procter's life did honor to his poetry, and is in a way in harmony with it; but it is the harmony of contrast, the harmony of the leaf and the flower, one might almost say the harmony of the ashes and the flame. Here, too, we are reminded of Scott, whose practical life as lawyer and laird, with its eager bustle of practical cheerfulness, contrasts oddly with the sentimental regret for the past, on whose ruins he threw; as Mr. Procter's idealism in verse, with its alternations of romantic grace and wilful exaltation, contrasts with the cautious prudence and refinement of his life. Of course if we knew Mr. Procter as well as we know Scott, we should see that the life had its romantic, perhaps even its wilful, element, too. Only with Scott the turn of the homely, practical element came first; with Mr. Procter the turn of the romantic element came earlier, in the long interval between boyhood and middle age. Another difference is that in Scott's large nature there was room for both at once. One side might be more conspicuous at one time and another at another time, but both were always there. The contrast forces itself upon us more in a nature of narrower range, less massive and less complex, and proves perplexing from its very simplicity. The poetry of Barry Cornwall is the record of the extravagances of one who was habitually sober, the audacities of one who was habitually cautious, the eloquence of one who was habitually reserved. And yet there is no inconsistency, the contrasted elements heighten and sustain each other. It is a mistake to suppose that the only way to make the most of what we value in life is to concentrate ourselves upon it. Labor heightens the zest of a holiday, and a holiday restores the energy of the laborer; there is a reaction after a fit of high spirits, but there is a reaction from depression too. The reason that most of us fear to abandon ourselves to the natural alternation of our moods and desires, as we abandon ourselves to the natural alter-



nation of cloud and sunshine, day and night, is that we are not disinterested and free: our appetites and theories chain us to a treadmill which we must go on mounting as long as we can, because we know that we shall lose our footing, and be crushed at last. Such unity as our lives attain is due to the pursuit of a purpose, the carrying out of a doctrine in season and out of season: the unity of a life like Mr. Procter's, serene and beautiful even on "the woeful threshold of age," where he had to linger so long, is due to the spontaneous nobility of mind which never forgot its innate generosity, delicacy, and uprightness, in converse with nature as with men, with books and the world, but gave their due to all.

He came of a good stock, of a family of farmers which had held their own in Yorkshire or Cumberland—he never knew which—for three hundred years or more without producing anybody distinguished, and rather ashamed than otherwise of the one period when their line was crossed by a strain of indisputable gentry. His father was one of several children—"the best among the males." Perhaps this was the reason why he came up to London to seek his fortune; he found it rather than made it, and when he had found it he "subsidised into a private station where he lived unoccupied and independent for many years. He possessed," his son says, "the most uncompromising honesty I ever met with. My mother was simply the kindest and tenderest mother in the world."

In his autobiography, which does not go beyond his twentieth year, he dwells with predilection on everything that can be made to show himself in a commonplace light. He was really a singular and precocious child, with a touch of something out of the common in his quality from the first, and yet neither then nor afterwards was his mental stature much above the common. At five he knew nothing beyond his letters, or a little easy reading acquired mainly from a Bible full of pictures; but for a year past he had, as we learn on the authority of his mother, preferred books to everything, and could hardly be got to leave them for his meals. His senses, he says, were attracted by the scent of the violet, the April grass, and the flowers; he heard noises in the winds and the running river; otherwise he marched quietly onwards in the great crowds of human life with his undiscovered destiny before him. The sign of that destiny showed itself in the childish love, whose story is told in

the beautiful essay on the death of friends. In the height of his passion he was sent to school; he tells us little of himself or of what he learnt there, but much of a charming, kindhearted *émigré*, M. Molière, who was one of the masters, who was fond of mignonette and myrtle, and denied himself even these pleasures for the sake of charity. At thirteen he went to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Peel and Byron, and he once promised to pay Peel half a crown to do an imposition for him. He did not admire the studies of the place; and the levelling character of public school discipline told upon him to the full. "The daily task, the daily meal, the regular hours of sleep and exercise, or idleness, were all sufficient in themselves for me. I had nothing of that feverish unwholesome temperament which opens the scholar into worlds beyond his reach, and which is sometimes called genius; not much even of that vigorous ambition which tempts him into the accessible region just above him; yet I was not without daring." In fact he was rather celebrated for his boxing, and liked in after years to recollect that he had beaten boys bigger than himself.

It was in the vacations in the country, which he spent mostly at the house of his mother's uncle, that his individuality nourished itself: he fancied that a raven haunted him; some things which were beautiful, and many things which were terrible, operated very sensibly upon him; he began to dream and to recollect his dreams, and strove to discover their meaning and origin. A healthier influence was that of a servant, the daughter of a man who had failed in a profession or business. She knew Richardson and Fielding well, and told him stories out of them, and taught him to worship Shakespeare, whose works he bought with the first money he got, and entered into a world beyond his own: it is characteristic that he did not attempt to carry on his Shakespearian studies at Harrow. He left there at eighteen, and was articled to Mr. Atherton, a solicitor at Calne, where he spent two of the most fruitful years of his life. He learned to think and feel, and there was nothing to interrupt him: he was attached to Mr. Atherton, but not to his profession, which only influenced him by setting him to brood on all the difficulties and intricacies of life. In his autobiography he makes light of the doubts and change of opinion which at the time he dignified with the name of speculations, and it is, perhaps, to be wished, that people whose in-

dividual opinions are of less value than Mr. Procter's, were as far from the pretension of idealizing them. Country life told favorably upon susceptibilities which he regarded as more important: he fell in and out of love, and cultivated his imagination, and even began to write verses.

About 1807, at the age of twenty, he came to London to live, and for the first eight years he seems to have been sufficiently occupied with living. He did not work at his profession; he can hardly be said to have worked at literature: oddly enough, it was his acquaintance with three literary men whom he could hardly admire, that first made him aware that he too was capable of literature. He had no ambition, and a great awe for authorship in the abstract; but when this awe was worn away by experience, he was attracted by a refined amusement which lay within his reach. In 1815, he began to contribute poetry to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1816 his father died and left him what seems to have been a handsome independence for a bachelor, which he enjoyed without impairing it, though some temporary embarrassment connected with his partnership with a solicitor of the name of Slaney made him, about 1821, dependent upon his literary earnings, to his great disgust. He kept a hunter, he took boxing lessons from Cribb, he went to the theatre. In his youth, he says himself, he had some courage and some activity. These years of freedom and enjoyment were also the years in which he made his mark as a poet: the "Dramatic Scenes," "Marcian Colonna," the "Sicilian Story," "Mirandola, a Tragedy," and "The Flood of Thes-saly," all appeared between the years 1819 and 1823. Then, too, he laid the foundation of the lyrical collection which was published in 1832 and continued to receive additions for many years. One almost fancies that the Barry Cornwall of those years was the true Procter, and that then his life and imagination were of a piece, and that the irony, now paradoxical and now pathetic, of the later years, was due to the contrast between the old life and the new — the true self flashing through the veil which custom and courtesy and prudence had woven over it. Mr. Procter wrote a poem in the manner of "Beppo," and there is a whole side of his poetry which reminds us of Byron; only in him the revolt, natural to a simple, vivid spirit in its hours of exaltation against second-hand systems of doctrine and proprieties of conduct, was not inflamed by a morbid organization or poisoned by personal excess. It may be

doubted whether he had force enough to sustain him in his revolt; and the temper of rebellious scorn was subdued by the influence of a dutiful and prosperous life, till his best friends doubted whether it was more than a poetical caprice, just as he doubted himself whether Godwin's magnanimity had any existence except on paper.

It is noticeable that he seems to have thought "Don Juan" was Byron's great poem. Perhaps its realism attracted him: one can fancy his disliking the rather rhetorical mysticism of "Childe Harold," and the rather theatrical heroism of "The Giaour" and "The Corsair." He had the sense of measure and of sanity, if not exactly of reality; he disliked what was vast and vague and pretentious. He was capable, which Stothard was not, of a genuine imaginative sympathy with passion; but subject to this limitation we might adopt the biographer's graceful parallel between them. "In their characters, even more than in their works, there is a quality rarely found elsewhere, except in sensitive, single-hearted (and slightly 'spoilt') children; children who are confident of their company, and have not been laughed or frightened out of knowing and speaking their own minds. These alone express themselves with such directness, concreteness, and naïve limitation; often attaining, in their artlessness, to humor, wit, and grace which are the artist's envy. The greatest point of resemblance between Stothard and the poet is that last named — a narrow limitation of the sphere of thought and feeling; a sort of voluntary ignoring of all that might clash with or contradict the habitual mood or idea." "Stothard and Mr. Procter are alike chargeable with sometimes giving the effect of hard outlines where no outlines really exist; and this through no incapacity of touch, but by an artistic idiosyncrasy; an insistence on the beloved limitations; a protest against the vastness, variety and inscrutability of fact."

In Mr. Procter's case the protest was accentuated by his innate energetic right-mindedness. "Few men surpassed him in the unpretentious and untalkative wisdom and fidelity of a right direction of heart and mind." And for this very reason he had a curious dread and distrust of public opinion, which is always too noisy to be quite sincere, and is always insisting on more than it really wants, and pretending to more than it really has. Those who have the power of being leaders without the vocation of being martyrs, make the

most of it as a boisterous approximation to truth; but it presents itself as a hypocritical tyranny to simpler, perhaps finer, natures, who ask only to lead their own lives, do their own duty, and take their own pleasure.

At the time we are speaking of public opinion was divided against itself, it was the opinion of a party, and for this reason Mr. Procter feared it the more; he had a sort of feeling that unless he kept clear of party warfare, party spirit would crush him as he believed it had crushed Hazlitt, whose clearness and precision and robust sincerity were very attractive to him. He was fond in his old age of dwelling on his own freedom from party connection (though *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* long insisted on abusing him as a Whig), and believed that it was to this that he owed his free intercourse with all the literary men of his day; which was really the reward of his talent for exquisite hospitality and his entire freedom from self-assertion.

But though he saw the whole literary movement of his day and sympathized with it, his own place in it is very definite. He belongs to the group of Leigh Hunt and Lamb and Keats: Leigh Hunt influenced him as an example; Lamb influenced him as a guide in the wide field of Elizabethan drama. One cannot say that either he or Keats influenced each other; but there is a real analogy in their method, and in their dependence upon the literature which they studied. Keats, of course, is incomparably the most fertile and splendid of the two; but, except in his odes and sonnets and the ballad of "La Belle Dame sans Merci," Keats never mastered his materials, while Mr. Procter, who did not begin to write till he was eight-and-twenty, is always thoroughly workmanlike, and the union of purity and delicacy, with masculine sanity and vigor, is always attractive. Like Keats Mr. Procter sometimes touches Shelley, as in the "Journal of the Sun" which the editor has printed, on the side where Shelley touches Greece, and Byron on the side where Byron touches Ariosto, and one might add this is not the most valuable side of Keats or Barry Cornwall. And with all his manliness there is an element of unreality in Barry Cornwall which there is not in Keats. Keats wrote of what he imagined, though his imagination was colored by his reading. Barry Cornwall's imagination was not so rich. He wrote of what he read and felt, without having seen or known. So far as his reading fed feeling which found itself a musical expression, he was justified in the

gentle contempt he entertained for the tendencies of a later school, with whom reading sometimes serves to feed nothing better than a cold, fanciful precision of detail; but after all he stops short of real insight. It is not that by choice or by defect of power he has to subordinate force and truth of detail to general harmony and richness of effect: it is that in the narrative poems, at any rate, he has no first-hand grasp upon nature and fact at all. He gets his effects, which are really rich and harmonious, by combination and reflection out of the second-hand impressions which he has retained from reading.

His dramatic works are of a higher order. Lamb said of the "Dramatic Scenes" that there was not one of them that he would not have placed in his collection if he had found it in one of the Garrick plays at the British Museum. And though this praise has its limits, it is not at all too high. The scenes Lamb extracted from the ancient drama are commonly much better than the plays they are taken from. The plays are alive, but as wholes they are not for the most part delightful. Barry Cornwall's "Dramatic Scenes" are delightful if we will take them for what they are, without asking if they too might not have been enshrined in live coherent plays. There is one sort of romanticism which finds the fresher air and brighter light it longs for in old books, as another finds it in old life; and for romanticists of the first sort Barry Cornwall seized and reproduced the charm of the gracious pathos and nobility of the Elizabethan, or rather Jacobean, drama, with as much mastery as Scott, on a larger scale, seized and reproduced the charm of the picturesqueness and generosity of Border and Highland life. Every nation which is fortunate enough to possess a classical drama inherits from it a school of classical acting, and this school in turn propagates a longer or shorter succession of acting plays, with classical pretensions, which perhaps in a period of literary revival may possess genuine literary merit. "Mirandola" was so good and succeeded so well that, as late as 1844, Mr. Carlyle, among others, was still pressing the author to persist in the career of dramatist, which he had long abandoned. According to the author's own account it was a very hurried and imperfect production. "Had I taken pains I could have made a much more sterling thing; but I wished for its representation, and there were so many authors struggling for the same object that I had not firmness to resist the opportunity that was

opened to me through the kindness of Mr. Macready to offer it to the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. I allowed the play to appear, while I was conscious of its many shortcomings. The toil of placing a tragedy or comedy on the stage (apart from the trouble of writing it) is sufficient to daunt most men from repeating the experiment. Without doubt, the activity and kindness of Mr. Macready, and the general good-will of the actors, saved me from much trouble, and from many rebuffs. The tragedy was acted for sixteen nights; it produced, including the copyright, £630; and then passed away (with other temporary matters) into the region of the moths."

"*Mirandola*" was performed in 1821. In that year the author became engaged to Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu by her first husband. Considering the way in which he spoke of his most considerable literary effort, it is anything but strange that his marriage in 1825 should have been the close of his literary career. Literature had been the pastime of his leisure, when leisure had been the whole of his life; he had neither strength nor ambition to pursue it in the intervals of business. And he turned to his business of conveyancing with an ardent appetite which left few intervals, as men often do who take up practical life late, and find they are still in time to succeed. Apparently the sense of having got hold of reality at last, just before a man's power is over, is one of the keenest enjoyments there is. Mrs. Procter says her husband never expressed so much satisfaction at any literary success as when the solicitor on the opposite side employed him because he admired his work. He took many pupils—Eliot Warburton and Kinglake among them. He sat up two nights a week to work, and lived to reflect, that if in all labor there is profit, this too is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Here are two stanzas from "*Labor Improbis*," published for the first time in the work before us:—

In the morn are dreams of labor,  
Labor still till set of sun;  
Evening comes with scanty respite,  
Night—and not one good is won.  
Formal phrases!—barren figures!  
Sentence such as steam might turn!  
What, from such laborious trifling,  
Can the human creature learn?

I remember hopeful visions  
Since that time have fled away—  
When wild autumn brought its leisure,  
And the sunshine summer day;

Now unseen the river wandereth,  
And the stars shine on their way;  
Flowers may bloom, but I, poor laborer,  
With the worn-out year decay.

One notices that what he regrets is liberty to enjoy nature rather than liberty to cultivate art. Long ago he had defended poetry on the ground that it helps better than most things to keep us near our ideal; but after all, people come nearer their ideal in a really happy marriage. Mr. Procter's marriage must have been very happy; and busy as he was, a really tuneful nature can always find space for song. Mr. Procter agreed with most of his friends in regarding the "English Lyrics," as the most permanent portion of his work. He differed from them, characteristically, in doubting whether they would really last. He rather overrated the power of fashion, and thought it hard to believe that any author could be classical when the sale began to fall off; he thought he had lived to see the end of even Wordsworth's day. Even the editor feels a need of reassuring himself against his author's self-distrust: he fortifies his own judgment with the testimonies of Landor and Mr. Swinburne; but there is really no need to go beyond the unbroken consent of the *literati* of fifty years. The interest of the "Dramatic Scenes" is purely literary, and though it is probable that good judges here and there will always be found to rate their literary merit as high as that of the "English Lyrics," the time has come when they have decidedly more interest for *literati* than for cultivated men at large. And the "English Lyrics" appeal to all cultivated men, and as *literati* are men too, they appeal more readily than the "Dramatic Scenes" even to *literati*.

It is easier to feel the charm of the "English Lyrics" than to define it. We know approximately what Burns is admired for, or what Shelley is admired for. We know the sort of grace which seemed admirable in Moore, or, to come to a later reputation, we know what is the attraction of the "Legends and Lyrics" of Barry Cornwall's own daughter, which it seems now are selling better than any poetry but Mr. Tennyson's. But when we try to appraise the "English Lyrics," it seems hard at first to get beyond praise that would do for anybody. When we have said that the sense and feeling and tune are thoroughly good and manly, and that the metre and finish are quite good enough, we have said no more than we might fairly say of any creditable *fiasco* of a personal friend. That is clearly not an adequate account to



give of poetry which a whole generation of intelligent readers, including many like Miss Martineau, who were not easily moved, found the most moving poetry of the time. Perhaps we come a little nearer when we notice that one of the most individual traits of Mr. Procter's lyrics is a hearty æsthetic appreciation of horseflesh and wine. When we remember how sober he was in the actual enjoyment of both, his praise of them takes the character of an escapade, and this character seems in a way to fit his lyrics as a whole, and to account for the attractiveness they have for earnest and intelligent readers in a community which is getting more complex rather than more perfect. Such readers are repelled by a systematic revolt against what is indispensable, or a systematic pursuit of what is unattainable, but a short sincere musical cry interprets and relieves their passing moods of personal discontent, and the deeper undercurrent of social dissatisfaction that runs through most generous lives.

One of Mr. Procter's few irrepressible convictions was that the inequalities of an old civilization were too iniquitous to be borne without relieving them, and he quite consistently exhorted the community in verse to wholesale almsgiving, while in prose he wanted the few, who found it almost as hard as he did to be callous to distress, not to impoverish themselves to relieve the ratepayers. His own generosity took the form of secret and delicate assistance to the temporary distresses of people of his own condition. The editor has told the secret of an unasked loan of this kind to a friend whose wife was saved by the timely help, although Mr. Procter's own income had been largely reduced by his relieveny from the Commission of Lunacy. In such cases he was always willing to act on the maxim *qui prête donne*, but it did not raise his opinion of human nature to find the maxim generally taken for granted by those he helped. There are plenty of useless people in the world who never get any good luck or deserve any, and hardly know a happy day, and yet when they excite themselves over human life in general, they say, as sincerely as they can say anything, how fine and admirable they think it all. Mr. Procter's life was full of good luck till he was over seventy, and full of good deeds till the last, and yet, whenever he got excited over human life as a whole, he always thought it a poor, sorry, contemptible thing, and said so with emphasis.

The literary character of the "English

Lyrics" is as composite as that of the other poems. As Lord Jeffrey says in the admirable review of the "Sicilian Story," from which the editor has quoted largely, there are echoes of the Cavalier poets of the usurpation; the terrible verses on the Burial Club in 1839, now printed for the first time, seem to owe their motive to Dickens; but the manner is almost an anticipation of the imitators of Browning. "The Hebrew Priest's Song" reads almost like a very early work of Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Procter was too sure of perception for a critic, who had best not be much wiser than the public, so that he can sit down with them to analyze and feel his way, and we probably lost little by his being too busy to respond to Jeffrey's endeavors to secure him for the staff of the *Edinburgh*. But the few fragmentary recollections of contemporaries, mostly written down after he was seventy-eight, deepen the regret which the classical life of Lamb, published when he was seventy-seven, left behind, that he did not put a complete account of his literary souvenirs on record. Now and then, as in the case of Carlyle (from whom there is a beautiful letter on the life of Lamb), Mr. Procter's judgment is too straightforward to be suggestive, but in a hundred pages, more or less, there are not a few stories as good as this of Rogers. Mr. Wordsworth was breakfasting with him one morning, he said, but he was much beyond the appointed time, and excused himself by stating that he and a friend had been to see Coleridge, who had detained them by one continuous flow of talk. "How was it you called so early upon him?" inquired Rogers. "Oh!" said Wordsworth, "we are going to dine with him this evening, and ——" "And," said Rogers, taking up the sentence, "you wanted to take the sting out of him beforehand."

There is more than one appreciation as rare and gentle as this of Leigh Hunt. "He saw hosts of writers, of less ability than himself, outstripping him on the road to future success, yet I never heard from him a word that could be construed into jealousy or envy, not even a murmur. This might have arisen partly from a want of susceptibility in his constitution, not altogether from that stern power of self-conquest which enables some men to subdue the rebellious instincts which give rise to envious passions. . . . He had no vanity, in the usually accepted sense of the word, I mean, that he had not that exclusive vanity which rejects all things beyond

self. He gave as well as received, no man more willingly. He accepted praise less as a mark of respect from others than as a delight of which all are entitled to partake, such as spring weather, the scent of flowers, or the flavor of wine. It is difficult to explain this; it was like an absorbing property in the surface of the skin. Its possessor enjoys pleasure almost involuntarily, whilst another of colder or harder temperament is insensible to it."

When Mr. Procter spoke of pleasure, he spoke of what he knew. He had said long ago, "If life itself were not a pleasure, the utility even of its necessities might very well be questioned." He is almost an unique example of one who without a touch of baseness deliberately and consistently preferred enjoyment to activity.

G. A. SIMCOX.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### HOW I CAUGHT MY FIRST SALMON: A CANADIAN SKETCH.

DEAR N.,—If you can tear yourself away from the Washington belles, I shall be very glad if you will pay me a long visit at Burnlands, and I will try and put you in the way to become a real fisherman.—

Yours truly, G. S.

Now, was an offer of this kind acceptable or not?

To consider the question mathematically, let the three following postulates be granted, as mankind's old enemy Euclid would have said:—

Let it be granted that the place of my temporary sojourn was Washington, U.S.

Let it be granted that the thermometer stood at 100° in the sun, for there was no shade for it to stand in, and that the air had become so thoroughly baked through that the nights were hotter than the days: further, that the Washington belles alluded to by S. had ceded their places to half-a-dozen perspiring Beckys and Dinahs of an undoubted age, who were the sole representatives of Mother Eve in the American metropolis; and last and pleasantest assumption, let it be granted that I, spoilt child of fortune, happened to have £50 loose at my bankers.

The veriest dolt that ever blundered across the *pons asinorum* can divine the nature of the reply I returned to my Montreal friend's kind invitation, and can picture to himself the glee with which on July 1st I embarked on the New York and

Washington Air Line on my way to the country of the Canucks. The humors (?) of American travel have been so often described by abler pens than mine, that I shall not attempt to reproduce their details—more especially as a residence in the States of some years has stripped the gloss of romance off the main features of "voyaging," viz., candy-eating and expectation. I will therefore draw a veil—a very necessary precaution during summer travelling in America—over the incidents of the journey northwards; and, merely raising it from time to time to decline "dime" novels, veteran oysters, and cheap *sucrerie*, will beg the reader to rejoin me in the hospitable mansion of a Canadian friend, washed, clothed, and in my right mind. Here my host and I discuss cigars and claret punch, salmon and sherry cobbler; and the upshot of our deliberations is the purchase by myself of a ticket on one of the steamers that run daily between Montreal and Quebec. On the following morning I accordingly embark thereon, and have the luck to fall in with the usual *agrémens* of American travel—viz., several pretty young ladies, without incumbrances; by which term I mean parents, *bien entendu*, not children. I have the additional good fortune—for it is, alas! daily becoming rarer, even on the Mississippi—to witness an explosion. Another steamer has presumed to race with the City of —, and our boiler has entered its protest against such audacity. Canadians being a slower-going race than their neighbors of the U.S., none of our party are killed or even injured, with the exception of a young English tourist recently imported—to judge from his toilet, regardless of expense—who leaps overboard promptly to shun the scalding water, and comes in in consequence for a disagreeable amount of cold. However, he is fished out, "not dead, but very wet," the ladies cease praying and the gentlemen swearing—or, by the way, was the reverse the case?—and we await in patience the arrival of a tow-boat. Whilst so doing I have leisure to moralize over the philosophy of the river *habitués*. When the explosion occurred, a young bride, quitting her husband's arm, rushed up to an old priest with whom I had been chatting, and exclaimed, "*Priez, mon père, mais priez donc pour nous—nous mourons tous!*" The good *padre* evinced no inclination to comply with this request, and merely replied, "*Courage, mon enfant! ça arrive tous les jours; il n'y a pas de danger.*" Thus speaking, he would have

renewed his conversation with me, had my sticism been quite equal to the occasion.

However, the accident delayed us many hours, and we had to pass the night on board our dilapidated vessel, and it was broad daylight when we came in sight of Quebec, the most picturesque town on the western continent. I need not dwell on the beauties of Quebec. To many of your readers they are familiar. To those who have not visited our great colony I will only say, imagine an old French town rising with an almost startling abruptness on the left bank of a broad, deep stream, a stream such as America alone can boast of. For miles along the banks of the St. Lawrence the traveller has seen nothing but wooden shanties, standing amongst semi-cultivated fields. When, too, as in my case, the eye has been fatigued for months by the monotonous regularity of American cities, resembling, with their rectangular and equidistant streets, one of those children's puzzles fitted in piece by piece, and stowed away safely at night in a cardboard box, — then, I say, the voyager coming suddenly on the glittering tin roofs and narrow streets of Quebec, and hearing the *patois* of its inhabitants, may be pardoned in supposing for a moment that some merciful enchanter has spared him the pangs of sea-sickness, and has conveyed him with a stroke of the wand to one of those quaint old Norman or Breton towns, whose picturesque squalor still successfully defies the efforts of the sanitary reformer.

Fortunately for me, the Allan steamer was on the point of leaving for England; and through the courtesy of one of the proprietors of the line I was offered a passage on her down the river as far as Father Point, the spot at which the pilot hands over the charge of the vessel to the regular authorities. By a great piece of good fortune, my host lived within a few miles of the Point; for I can assure my untravelled readers that at the time of which I write — some three or four years only back — when once you wandered from the regular beaten track between city and city, locomotion was, difficult, and it was very rarely that the traveller could get within hail of his destination by such commodious means as an ocean steamer; and it was therefore with feelings of much complacency that I commenced the descent of the St. Lawrence — a complacency by no means lessened by the discovery of several friends on board, and carried to an even higher pitch by the recollection of my La Rochefoucauld, and the

application of his celebrated aphorism to the probable difference that would exist in our sensations forty-eight hours later.

Down, still down, the gradually broadening river. First we catch a glimpse of the silver streak which marks the Montmorency Falls, the highest in Canada. Down past Three Rivers, Murray Bay, Cacouna — the fashionable Montreal watering-place; down past the tempting-looking entrance to the Saguenay — name dear to the lovers of the picturesque as well as to the votaries of Izaak Walton; down the river still, through wooded hills, through low-lying banks — there is a monotony about the scenery — holloa! I am getting sleepy. I . . .

"Sorry to lose you, Mr. N., but here we are at Father Point," says a voice in my ear; and I am aroused from a most delightful doze by Captain Brown's hearty voice and shake of the shoulder. Good heavens! where am I? The night is pitch dark, the hour one A.M. Water, water, everywhere. I don't believe it is Father Point. Brown can't tell in the dark. Dash it! I'll go on to England sooner than budge. If I don't actually say all this, at all events these ideas pass rapidly through my brain. However, "needs must" is the rule on board ship. My traps are slung over the side into a little boat that I begin to descry alongside, and, with an adieu to Captain B. — not half so cordial as it would have been had he let me sleep on — I scramble down the side of the "Polynesian," and in a few minutes find myself on shore. My traps are hastily stowed away into a "buckboard" — a species of light cart used by the inhabitants of Lower Canada — and a drive of twenty minutes brings me to Mr. S.'s hospitable mansion; by which high-sounding term, gentle readers, you must understand a small frame-house, originally a farm, but which had been done up and slightly enlarged by my entertainer, to serve as his headquarters during the fishing season.

Regular hours are unknown in these latitudes, especially on Saturday night. People sleep when they like, eat when (and as much as) they like, and rise at the same equally convenient hour. So my kind hostess had taken the trouble to sit up for me, and, after giving me a warm welcome and a cold supper, left me to complete the slumber Captain Brown had so unkindly interrupted.

There being no Episcopalian church within a hundred miles of Burnlands, our religious exercises were scant on the Sabbath. S., as behoved a *paterfamilias*,

read prayers to his domestics, in which duty his amiable daughter most ably assisted him; and I can recommend to any English country host who is anxious to see his guests at morning prayers to allow the young ladies of his establishment to take a prominent part in their conduct. There was an intensity in the manner in which Mlle. declaimed the words "miserable sinners" at the embarrassed coachman, her *vis-à-vis*, that made me feel assured she had detected the wriggling and blushing Jehu greasing the horses' oats or selling their allowance of corn. But fearful of coming in for a share of these personalities, I absorbed myself in prayers for the success of our salmon-fishing on the morrow. Battledore and shuttlecock with the ladies, and a walk with S. round his farm, filled up the day; and the next morning, at an early hour, I found myself, seated with S. in his buckboard, jogging along behind one of those unsurpassable Canadian ponies, whom I will back for endurance against any corresponding quantity of steel and iron. Cob-shaped, about 14.3 in height, these little beasts will go at the rate of seven miles an hour for a whole day, with no other refreshment than a mouthful of hay at the mid-day halt, and occasional go-downs of water at the little brooks that from time to time traverse the road. They never require the whip; the voice guides a good pony entirely. You hear the driver exclaiming, in his Canadian *patois*, "*Ma(r)che, donc, Dandy! ma(r)che donc, mon brave!*" or, if Dandy appear refractory, "*Ma(r)che, Dandy! ma(r)che, vilaine bête! ma(r)che, paresseuse!*"

Thanks to these objurgations, we proceeded successfully, though, our steed being lame, we *only* drove him fifty miles the first day, halting for the night at a French hotel, not, I must own, of the pretentious of the Bristol or Louvre, but, notwithstanding, an establishment where, by dint of using your own knives and forks, and provisions, and by sleeping in your ulster on a chair, very tolerable accommodation was procurable. Nevertheless we did not linger at Madame Brochu's, and at an early hour next morning, "*En route, Dandy,*" was the cry; and a further drive of twenty-five miles through half-cleared, half-burnt woods parallel to the line of the Intercolonial Railway, then in process of construction, brought us to S.'s camp, which was picturesquely situated on the banks of the small river Causapsal, a tributary of my host's river the Metapediac.

Dandy was indulged with a good night's rest; and I may note, *en passant*, that the game little beast completed, on the following day, the whole seventy-five miles' return journey to Burnlands, arriving there, I was subsequently informed, as fresh as paint.

S. and I proceeded to inspect the camp and its occupants, who deserve a few lines of description.

First and foremost Peter presents himself. Peter, an old French *habitant*, *valet de chambre*, bedmaker, tent-pitcher, camp-keeper, and odd-job man in general, with an irrepressible tongue and a taste for stimulants, but a most good-tempered and willing old fellow.

Next came four Indians for poling our canoes, under the headship of a dry old chief named Nowell. A colony of these Indians live in a small village down the Ristigooche River, and hire themselves out to sportsmen during the fishery season.

Last but not least appeared Angus the cook, also a French Canadian *habitant*, and who in every respect may be described as a "very plain" disciple of Soy-er. I beg pardon, his language should not come under this category. Anxious to atone for his culinary deficiencies by the fluency of his excuses, Angus had formed the laudable idea of making himself proficient in the native tongue of the *milords* his employers. But English teachers being scarce in the backwoods where he spent the greater part of his life as a trapper, he found himself compelled to resort for instruction to the navvies who were at that time engaged on the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. From them he acquired a stock of phrases which he employed with more zeal than understanding. At least it appeared to me redundant to say, as he invariably did, "By heavens, you fellows! why don't you come to dinner?" or, "D—n it, you fellows, tea's ready!" Angus had no idea of giving offence or taking a liberty, but solemnly assured me he knew that was the usual style of speaking in England; and he utterly repudiated my suggestion that he should adopt some such forms as, "*Messieurs, le dîner est prêt,*" or "*Le thé est servi.*"

After S. had tried his luck ineffectually the next morning in the pools near the camp, he proposed that we should make an expedition up the Causapsal, and try some salmon-pools thirteen or fourteen miles higher up. A keg of salt pork, a little tea, and a big whisky-flask were ac-



cordingly wrapped up in a waterproof sheet; and with this simple baggage we started. S. stowed himself away in one canoe, I embarked in another; and after the difficulties attendant on the stowage of too much leg had been surmounted, old Nowell, the principal Indian, gave the sign, and we started on our upward journey.

A more picturesque voyage it would be difficult to conceive. Our route lay entirely through a virgin forest in the full pride of its summer beauty. Countless maple-trees fringed the banks of the river, which ran (broken here and there into small rapids by the black rocks which projected their heads above the stream), a "silver streak" that would have delighted the heart of the distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer. Not a trace of human life was discernible,—no ugly shanties, or half-cleared fields with the stumps of *quondam* monarchs of the forest sticking mournfully out of the ground, as though entering their silent protest against the desecration of their domain. The axe has not yet penetrated here; and the only visible signs of life were occasional trout leaping at the flies, or a hawk perched on a distant bough, expectant of his prey.

There are many easier tasks in life than a hard day's poling of a canoe against a strong current, and I was not surprised to find old Nowell pretty well played out by the evening. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, even when the beast is an Indian; so we called a halt, hauled the canoes ashore, and commenced our preparations for the night. S. was elected cook, the Indians camp-builders, and I as the greenhorn, had to content myself with the position of odd-job man. My principal task was to collect bundles of the loose cedar-boughs that littered the ground, to form sleeping-couches for the night; and I may observe, *en passant*, that a softer couch never did man sleep on. Whilst engaged in this duty, I had full opportunity to observe the wonderful ingenuity with which the Indians, after felling a few trees, and running up a shed similar to those in use in this country for stowing away farm-wagons, "skinned" one or two large trees, removing the whole of their bark without a fracture, and spreading it, a dew-defying roof, over our heads. A large fire had been kindled in the mean time at the foot of the shed, and I proceeded to proffer my assistance to the cook, whose whole soul was intent on certain experiments connected with our

frying-pan, the upshot of which was to add a new and gratifying aroma to the varied odors of the forest.

There is nothing like a day's work in the open air to facilitate the demolition of pork chops; and the number of times I asked S. for more would have taken Mr. Bumble's breath away. Tobacco followed as a matter of course, and was supplemented by the least taste in life to keep all quiet within. The propriety of turning in for the night was then mooted, and the toilet question discussed—dress or undress. By a majority of two dishabille was voted. But start not, ladies; the sole distinction in the backwoods between full and evening dress consists in the presence or absence of boots—we Sybarites resolving to dispense with them. Accordingly we wrapped our waterproof blankets round us, pillowed our heads on our knapsacks, thrust our feet into the burning logs, and slept the sleep of the just. Towards midnight, however, I awoke to replenish the fire; and seldom have I so deeply regretted my inability to transfer to canvas the scene that presented itself to my eyes. Not a breath of wind stirred amongst the maple and cedar boughs. On three sides of us the forest stretched dark and ghostlike in its stillness, save where the flicker of our camp-fire fitfully illuminated its recesses. At our feet flowed the Causapsal, with a soothing ripple very provocative of slumber. About twenty paces from us our four Indians were grouped around their fire. From time to time one of them would lean back against the tree beneath which he sat and doze off for a few minutes, after which he would resume his pipe and his conversation with his comrades apparently quite refreshed. A modern Indian's only chance of looking picturesque nowadays is by firelight; but seen under this aspect in a Canadian forest at midnight they have still a vestige of Fenimore-Cooperism clinging to their shabby habiliments. I lay for half an hour watching the scene, but sleep ultimately prevailed; and the next thing I remember is feebly protesting against the unnatural doctrine propounded by S., that five A.M. was the proper hour to rise.

A hasty dip in the river qualified me for a breakfast corresponding in quantity and quality to the preceding night's supper; and an hour's canoeing brought us to one of S.'s favorite pools, where he confidently reckoned on securing a fish or two. Our lines were quickly unreeled; and

after balancing myself with great difficulty in my canoe, I gave my line a wild swing, and made my first overture to the unsuspecting salmon of the Causapsca.

The scientific fisherman may perhaps by this time have begun to suspect that the writer of this sketch is no born Izaak Walton, and will perhaps be ill-natured enough to sympathize with the maledictions invoked on my head by my companion, when the heavy plash of my enormous and brilliantly colored fly on the water scared away more than once from his hook an epicurean salmon on the point of yielding to the allurements of a "Jock Scot." For myself, I must own that I commenced to blame the vaulting ambition that had led me to aspire from a float, worm, and a perch, to a reel, fly, and a salmon; and after thrashing the unpropitious stream for the best part of an hour, I laid down my rod, rubbed my aching arms, and dived for my cigar-case. But I had to do with an enthusiast. The clamor raised by my comrade at such unsportsmanlike conduct, his awful threat of publishing to his female belongings this instance of English weakness, roused me to a final effort of despair, and with a mighty heave I succeeded in landing my fly in a promising ripple. The fates were at length propitious. A slight twitch, which was not caused by the current, thrilled through my arm, and a congratulating shout from S. announced that I had hooked my first fish. Now was the time for me to show that an angler, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*. With a refreshing disregard of the *convenances* of the piscatorial art, I reeled up my line at railroad pace; and before the astonished four-pound grilse had time to consider where he would run, he was being dragged out of the water bodily, with as little consideration as would have been shown to a roach. Fortunately old Nowell was ready with the gaff, and relieved my taut line of the responsibility of lifting the prize by main force into the canoe; and my victim was through his agency deposited at my feet. For a moment exultation at my prowess overpowered all other sentiments. Then, reviving to the consideration of mundane affairs, I looked modestly round for applause. Never was man so disappointed. S. reclined in the stern of his canoe with an absolutely stupefied expression of horror on his features. He reminded me of the celebrated American mule-driver, who, when *all* his mules bolted on one occasion, instead of surpassing his usual profane eloquence as had

been expected, looked after them with the remark, "He hadn't words to do justice to the occasion."

Silently did my host motion to me for my rod; silently did he proceed to divest it of its line; with equal taciturnity did he replace it by what appeared to me a mere thread; without a word did he replace the deadly implement in my hand; then he cast a pitying glance at the defunct grilse, and, the sight proving too much even for his iron nerves, remarked, "Good heavens! that I should have lived to see a salmon killed like that! Do you call that fishing? or do you think you catch a salmon like a shark?" With this limited amount of praise, he lit his short pipe, and appeared to meditate on the depravity of human nature in general.

I confess I felt small. At S. himself I dared not look; my eyes travelled furtively towards old Nowell, who, with the stoicism of his race, had relapsed into meditation, presumably over the delights of fire-water. Nevertheless, a guilty conscience whispered to me that it might be that he was regretting the ancient glories of his tribe, and might be thinking how small a loss would be entailed upon humanity were he to take the scalp of such a tailor as myself. Thus in gloomy silence we continued our upward journey.

But youthful spirits are seldom permanently depressed; and even my outraged mentor, after he had finished his pipe and refreshed himself in moderation out of a flask almost equalling the murdered fish in weight, relaxed the severity of his features, and entered into minute details as to the course to be observed should another fish intrust itself to my care. Throughout the remainder of the forenoon, however, we fished unsuccessfully, though gradually nearing the best pool in the river. Towards mid-day a war-whoop from S. announced the discovery of no less a treasure than a bed of wild onions, which did — I certainly must own they did — give a decided relish to our salt pork and doughy bread. After consuming the last root we re-embarked, and three hours' further poling brought us to S.'s favorite pool, which, however, for some time proved blank. But *Salmo ferox* is an individual of sportsmanlike instincts, and whilst declining to bite himself, he delegated the task to a myriad of sand-flies, black flies, red flies, mosquitoes, etc., who, as the day declined, surrounded our canoes and assailed their occupants. Nowell was too nasty (at least I imagine so, for I didn't try) for even a mosquito to tackle; and

S.'s skin was, he philosophically informed me, impervious to any creature that flies. But my case was different; and I wish my worst enemy no greater harm than an hour's exposure at sunset on the pool of which I am writing. After half an hour's torture, my "remains" turned to my host and remarked, "I'm going ashore; I can stand this no longer." "Nonsense," is the unsympathetic reply; "you should take no notice of them." Take no notice of them!!!! I really feel unable to answer S., and, in despair, make a last cast down the stream. A sullen splash follows close to my fly. "By Jove, you've a rise, N.! wait a minute or two, and cast again." I do wait a minute or two, and, like the tailor in the fairy-tale, devote the fleeting moments to summary vengeance on some scores of my winged tormentors. "Seven at a blow," indeed—that was all very well for the mythological snip; but my motto might have stood at a far higher figure. "Now's your time; cast in the same place, and let your fly float a minute or two." I obey orders, and deposit my fly with tolerable accuracy in the spot indicated. Again an electric shock seems to run up my sleeve. I strike, and am conscious that I have a fish fairly hooked. But this is at most but half the battle; he evidently intends to part company, and sets off full tilt down the stream, compelling me to pay out line with reckless prodigality. There is a moment's pause. I have already learned the danger of too slack a line, and reel up hard all. "Look out!" cries S., as a silver body springs high out of the water. The artful beggar means to snap the taut line, as he comes down heavily on the stream. But I have profited by instructions; the point of my rod is lowered, and the danger averted. Off goes my friend in a second rush down stream; a second time does he jump, and a second time does a similar policy baffle his efforts to escape. A few short dashes hither and thither succeed, but his strength appears to me to be already failing, and I venture to give him a little of the butt of my rod, which has hitherto been inartistically and uncomfortably jammed against my own stomach. The fish resents the donation, however, by another rush and another jump, but with no more success than before, and he is now evidently nearly done for. Luckily he is well hooked in the upper jaw, and, taking advantage of his exhaustion, I "coerce" him, as Gladstone would a Turk, and turning his head up stream, I commence the process of "drowning" him.

The end is now very near; for, though he makes one or two game efforts, his strength is gone, and I am able gradually to draw him to the side of the canoe. Old Nowell, over eager, makes a dash with the gaff and misses him; the fish makes a last dart and is off. Shall I lose him? No; he stops, and I reel him in again. Nowell's hand is steadier this time; there is a dash, a splash, and a clean-run 14-pound salmon is added to the occupants of the canoe.

As I rest my aching arms I receive the congratulations of my comrade, of which, on this occasion, he is liberal, and whilst S. takes up his rod again to try his luck, I become again painfully aware of the presence of many winged spectators of my prowess, and ignominiously bolt for the bank, collect a quantity of brush and green wood, build a circle of fire, and, protected by the dense smoke of the damp logs, bid defiance to my persecutors, and wait S.'s ultimate triumphant return with a fish over thirty pounds in weight.

Days spent in salmon-fishing resemble each other so closely, that it is not my desire to weary the reader by a minute description of a fortnight's visit to the backwoods. I will close this sketch with a few words of advice to any one who may thereby be tempted to try his hand at the fascinating pursuit of salmon-fishing. I assume that he knows, or has means of obtaining an introduction to, one or two Canadians or others, lessees of salmon-streams in the Dominion. Amongst our hospitable brethren on the other side the Atlantic, the proverb *Ex uno discite omnes*, or rather *nosce*, prevails; and the traveller, if a gentleman, is sure, when once launched, to be able to obtain fishing invitations to his heart's content. Tent-room he is pretty sure of—all he will require are stout boots, a waterproof blanket, and the smallest possible knapsack to stow away indispensables. The meaning of the latter word should be carefully studied by the travelling Piscator—for he will find the warmth of his welcome increase in proportion as the amount of his *impedimenta* diminishes. He must remember that a night in the woods is always cool—so he should not be misled by the heat of Montreal or Quebec into thinking no warm clothing necessary; but should take a warm flannel shirt or two, and dress in some such stuff as Canadian tweeds, which, combining lightness with warmth, make an excellent costume for the backwoods. Lastly, the traveller must be able to rough it in the matter of food. I fore-

warn him he may have to live for days on salt pork eked out with such fish as he may catch for himself; or if this diet disgusts him, he must take preliminary lessons from a chameleon. In this sort of life, as in most others, a cheery spirit has a great pull; for as the *Times* rarely penetrates to these regions, the sojourners in camp must depend on each other's mental resources for amusement round the evening's camp-fire.

Lastly, *crede experto*, the traveller who thinks of crossing the Atlantic in a misogynistic spirit will do well to stay at home and not expose himself to the inevitable defeat that awaits those who deny the fascinations of the daughters of Columbia and the Dominion. But I venture to think, in conclusion, that any angler who is not daunted by the probabilities above indicated, and who is fortunate enough to find himself on a fine June morning on the bank of a good Canadian salmon-river, will return to England so much enraptured with this species of transatlantic sport, that he will not regret the few minutes he may have wasted over the adventures of his most obedient, humble servant,

VOYAGEUR.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
RECENT SCIENCE.

(PROFESSOR HUXLEY has kindly read, and aided the Editor with his advice upon, the following article.)

THAT a comparatively warm climate must have prevailed in the Arctic regions, at a period not very remote geologically, is one of the most interesting conclusions which have been established by the researches of modern geologists. From the abundant remains of plants preserved in rocks occurring in the north of Greenland and in Spitzbergen, the geologist feels warranted in concluding that a luxurious vegetation flourished there during that age of the earth's history known as the Miocene period. Professor Heer, of Zurich, who has spent so much of his life in the study of the Miocene plants of the Swiss beds, has shown beyond question the necessity of admitting that a much less rigorous climate ruled in these high latitudes when they supported a rich Miocene flora of southern type. Not to multiply examples, it may suffice to state that the characters of the fossil plants found at Atanekerdluk in Greenland (70° N. lat.) leave no room to doubt that northern Greenland must have

enjoyed in Miocene times a climate warmer than that at present by at least 30° F. In fact, the Miocene flora of this locality includes several species of oak, poplar, plane, chestnut, and vine, with sequoias akin to the famous mammoth trees of California. On the whole, this flora of Greenland points to a climate which, according to Professor Heer, must have been something like that of the Lake of Geneva at the present day.

Going farther back in geological time, we obtain evidence of a yet warmer climate having prevailed in the Arctic regions. Thus in the Lower Cretaceous period the flora included ferns, cycads, and conifers, resembling species which exist in temperate and even sub-tropical zones. Indeed, Professor Heer concludes that the climate of the Arctic regions, at the beginning of the Cretaceous age, must have resembled the present climate of Egypt or of the Canary Isles. Compelled to accept such conclusions as these, the geologist is puzzled to account for the required climate changes. Attempts to explain the altered conditions by suggesting changes in the relative distribution of land and water have generally been held unequal to the requirements of the case, and most geologists consequently feel bound to seek light from the astronomer.

In a very suggestive address delivered last year by Mr. John Evans, as president of the Geological Society, this subject was discussed at some length.\* It is clear that if the position of the earth's poles could be shifted geographically, what is now polar land would be brought down into lower latitudes, and, provided the movement were sufficiently great, our difficulties would be at once got over. Most astronomers, however, following Laplace, have maintained that the position of the axis of the earth's rotation is permanent. But Mr. Evans called attention to a paper, written nearly thirty years ago, by the late Sir J. W. Lubbock, in which the author pointed out the fallacy of some of the assumptions on which astronomers had based their conclusions. He held, indeed, that if from any cause the axis of rotation should not coincide with the axis of figure, the pole of the former would describe a spiral path around the pole of the latter, until the two at length coincided in position. Now geologists can show that the relative position of land and water has

\* "Anniversary Address of the President, John Evans, Esq., F.R.S." *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. xxxii., No. 126, May, 1876, p. 53.



constantly been changed during the earth's history; such changes are, in fact, going on at the present day, the surface being upheaved here and depressed there, whilst solid matter is constantly being taken from one part of the surface and transferred to another. The shape of the earth must therefore be subject to variation, and the axis of figure consequently variable in position. But the axis of rotation always tends to coincide with the axis of figure; if, therefore, the former be disturbed, the latter also becomes shifted. Mr. Evans suggested certain modifications in the disposition of land and water — modifications which, though large, were well within the range of geological probabilities — by which he believed that the axis of figure would be displaced  $15^\circ$  or  $20^\circ$  from its present position. Then, having got it into this new direction, it was further assumed that the axis of rotation must ultimately move into coincidence with it. Here, then, was a suggestion by which the difficulties of change of climate in the Arctic regions could easily be removed. It remained, however, for mathematicians to decide whether the position of the earth's poles could be thus easily shifted — to determine, in fact, what amount of displacement would result from the suggested alterations in the configuration of the earth's surface.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Rev. Professor Twisden has taken up Mr. Evans's suggestions, and patiently worked out the problem on the proposed data.\* He concludes, however, that the displacement would be so insignificant as not to exceed ten minutes of angle; and that, in order to produce as great a displacement of the earth's axis of figure as  $20^\circ$ , it would be necessary to assume that the elevations and depressions exceeded by many times the height of the highest existing mountains. Such a displacement of the axis of figure could only be effected, he believes, by a transference of matter equal at least to one-sixth of the whole equatorial bulge of the earth. But the transference of even this quantity of matter might take place without producing anything like the required displacement of the axis. Supposing, however, that a deviation of  $20^\circ$  could by any means be effected, the author holds that it would be followed by a sort of tidal movement in the ocean, so enormous that

its greatest height would tend to be about twice the depth of the ocean. It will thus be seen that Professor Twisden's solution of the suggested problem is not very encouraging to geologists. Mr. Evans, however, has pointed out the necessity of treating the globe not as an absolutely solid spheroid, but as having its surface covered to a large extent with water; and not, perhaps, as a rigid solid, but rather as possessing to some extent plasticity or viscosity.

Possibly mathematicians may address themselves to the question in some modified form, from which results may be deduced more comforting to the geologist. It should not be forgotten, indeed, that the subject was ably discussed a few months ago by Mr. George H. Darwin,\* whose investigations, not being limited to a single definite problem, were of a general character, and whose results came much nearer to what geologists are seeking. In order to determine the amount of displacement of the earth's poles, it is necessary to ascertain the extent to which our globe may have suffered deformation by upheaval and subsidence during any one geological period. Mr. Darwin is led to conclude that from one-tenth to one-twentieth of the entire surface of the earth may from time to time have undergone elevation and subsidence, and that the greatest vertical amount of rise, or fall may be equal to about ten thousand feet. If we suppose that one-twentieth of the earth's surface be elevated to this extent, and an equal area simultaneously depressed, the deflection of the pole will be  $1^\circ 46.5\text{m.}$ ; if the area of elevation be as great as one-tenth of the surface, the deviation will amount to  $3^\circ 17\text{m.}$  We may therefore conclude that a single geological change of large amount is competent, on certain assumed conditions, to produce an alteration in the position of the pole of from  $1^\circ$  to  $3^\circ$  of latitude. It will be understood, however, that this is the greatest possible result, obtained only under the most favorable conditions of the problem. If the earth be quite rigid, the redistribution of matter in the shape of new continents could never cause a displacement of the pole from its initial position of more than  $3^\circ$ . But if the earth have the power of readjusting itself periodically to a new figure of equilibrium it is possible that the effect may

\* "On Possible Displacements of the Earth's Axis of Figure produced by Elevations and Depressions of her Surface." By the Rev. J. F. Twisden, M.A. *Abstracts of the Proceedings of the Geological Society*, No. 331, February 21, 1877.

\* "On the Influence of Geological Changes on the Earth's Axis of Rotation." By George H. Darwin, M.A. *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xxv. No. 175, p. 328. See also *Nature*, Feb. 22, 1877, p. 360.

be cumulative, and the pole may therefore have wandered as much as  $10^\circ$  or even  $15^\circ$  from its primitive position. During the original consolidation of the earth there must have been great instability in the geographical position of the poles.

In connection with this interesting subject it should be borne in mind that Sir William Thomson, at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association held last autumn, admitted it as highly probable that the earth's axis of rotation may have been in early periods of geological history far distant from its present geographical position. The subject has also been recently discussed by the Rev. Professor Haughton, whose results, however, are not yet published.

It is always of interest to the philosophical geologist to note the existence of strata indicating a transition from one formation to another. These "passage-beds," as the president of the Geological Society pointed out a few weeks ago in his anniversary address, are by no means to be regarded as curious anomalies, but rather as natural links in the chain of evidence as to the continuity of geological phenomena. In Bohemia geologists have long been disputing over the age of certain strata in their coal-fields, whether they are Carboniferous or Permian. Probably this question is best answered by not referring them definitely to either formation, but by regarding them as passage-beds from the true Carboniferous to the overlying Permian strata. The evidence on this subject has lately been laid before English readers by Dr. Ottokar Feistmantel,\* who is well qualified by a minute acquaintance with fossil botany to offer an opinion on the age of the plant-bearing beds.

Without entering into details which are of only local interest, we may remark that the coal deposits of Bohemia consist of two groups of strata, the lower of which is unquestionably Carboniferous, since it contains remains of both animals and plants which are recognized as true Carboniferous species. But the upper group of beds contains, in addition to seams of ordinary coal, a bituminous shale known as "gas-coal;" and this shale is characterized by a fauna differing from that of the lower coals and, suggesting Permian

affinities, yet the associated plants are decidedly of Carboniferous types. The animal remains, consisting of amphibians, fishes, and arthropods, have been carefully studied by Dr. Fritsch, of Prague, whilst the associated plants were specially worked out by Dr. Feistmantel when in Bohemia. It appears from the evidence of these naturalists that Carboniferous plants were contemporaneous with a Permian fauna, and that no strict line of demarcation can therefore be drawn, at least in the Bohemian coal-basins, between the true Carboniferous and the overlying Permian rocks. As the gas-coals thus form passage-beds between the two formations, they have been fitly termed "Permo-Carboniferous." Such an association of a Carboniferous flora with a Permian fauna will remind palæontologists of the interesting commingling of organic remains in the famous Lignitic group of the Western Territories of America, where a Tertiary flora is found in company with a fauna of Cretaceous type. Every discovery which tends to bridge over a gap between two formations, and thus break through the old-fashioned notion of abrupt transition from one order of things to another, is a clear gain to the philosophy of geology, and as such deserves mention in these notes.

It is not long since Dr. Feistmantel was appointed to a post on the Geological Survey of India in succession to the late Dr. Stoliczka. Yet the new palæontologist has already managed to get through some good work in his special domain of fossil botany, and has addressed himself to one of the vexed questions in Indian geology — namely, the determination of the age of the great plant-bearing or coal series.\* If coal is found in a country, and found of good quality, it does not much matter commercially what its age may be, but scientifically the question is one of great interest. The age of the Indian coal-bearing beds and their correlation with the coal series of other countries are subjects which have frequently been discussed, one of the latest contributions to the discussion being a valuable paper by Mr. H. F. Blanford, read a short time ago before the Geological Society.†

\* "Kürze Bemerkungen über das Alter der sog. älteren kohlführenden Schichten in Indien." Von Dr. Ottokar Feistmantel, in Calcutta. *Neues Jahrbuch für Mineralogie u. z. w.*, 1877, Heft II., p. 147. See also *Geolog. Mag.*, November, 1876.

† "On the Age and Correlations of the Plant-bearing Series of India, and the former Existence of an Indo-Oceanic Continent." By Henry F. Blanford, Esq.

\* "Geological and Historical Notes on the Occurrence of a Fauna, chiefly of Permian Affinities, associated with a Carboniferous Flora in Gas-Coal in the uppermost Portion of the Bohemian Coal Strata." By Ottokar Feistmantel, M.D. *Geological Magazine* (Trübner & Co.), March, 1877, p. 105.

Mindful of the vagueness attaching to the expression "plant-bearing series," Dr. Feistmantel prefers distinguishing the strata in question by Mr. Medlicott's term, the *Gondwana system*. The upper part of this series is divisible into two groups, the younger of which is referred to the Oolites and the older to the Lias; in other words, the Kachh and Jabalpur series are of Oolitic, and the Rájmahál series of Liasic age. The lower part of the Gondwana beds is likewise separable into two groups—the upper or Panchét, and the lower or Dámúdá series—both of which, according to the author, may be referred to the Trias; the Panchét group belonging probably to the Keuper, and the Dámúdá group to the Bunter. It is the Dámúdá beds which contain most of the valuable deposits of coal in India, and this coal has sometimes been regarded as Palaeozoic, either Permian or Carboniferous, chiefly on the ground of the supposed resemblance of its flora to that of certain coal-bearing deposits in Australia. Dr. Feistmantel, however, after a careful comparison of the flora of the Indian with that of the Australian coal, concludes that such a correlation is untenable, and that we must rather seek the representatives of the Indian coal-plants in the Triassic beds of the continent of Europe. If then the evidence of fossil botany is to decide the question we must admit that most of the Indian coal was formed about the time when the New Red Sandstone was being deposited in this country.

When a shower of rain falls upon the ground it dissolves more or less of the soluble constituents of the soil, and carries them sooner or later to the river, whence they are ultimately borne out to sea. Held invisibly in solution, these dissolved impurities are apt to escape notice, and have consequently received from geologists less attention than has been bestowed upon the solid impurities which are visible by the turbidity which they impart to the water in which they are mechanically suspended. Whilst therefore we have had many estimates of the quantity of sedimentary matter abraded from the land and carried to the sea, but little has been done towards determining the amount of mineral matter removed in a state of chemical solution. Yet as a geological agent the one is as worthy of study as the other. The question has therefore

been recently attacked by Mr. Mellard Reade,\* who has based his calculations mainly on Dr. Frankland's elaborate analyses of river waters, published in the sixth report of the Rivers' Pollution Commission.

Mr. Reade's first problem is to estimate the total quantity of solid material removed in the course of a year, by the solvent action of rain, from the entire surface of England and Wales. For this purpose he takes the mean rainfall of the country as thirty-two inches. It is notable that the variation of rainfall in different parts is not found to affect the aggregate quantity of dissolved matter to anything like the extent that might have been anticipated. True, the hilly districts of the west, in Cumberland, Wales, Cornwall, and Devon, intercept a large quantity of rain; but it must be remembered that these collecting-grounds are composed of old rocks, ranging from the Cambrian to the Carboniferous, and that such rocks are to a great extent insoluble, so that the rivers which drain them are comparatively pure. On the other hand, in the southern and eastern counties, as in the Thames basin, the rainfall is much less than in the west; but then the rocks generally belong to Secondary or Tertiary formations, and are tolerably soft and soluble. A kind of compensation is thus established, the total quantity of solid matter carried off in solution in a given time being much the same in one river as in another. Roughly speaking, it may be said that where the rainfall is greatest the solubility is least; where the rainfall is least the solubility is greatest.

It is needless to follow the details of the calculation by which the author is finally led to the conclusion that about 8,370,630 tons of solid are annually removed in solution by the rivers of England and Wales. Distributing the denudation equally over the country, the total area being fifty-eight thousand three hundred square miles, we obtain a general lowering of the surface to the extent of '000077 of a foot in a single year; in other words, it would require 12,978 years to reduce the surface of England and Wales by one foot through the solvent action of rain alone.

Fewer data exist for extending this interesting inquiry to the continent of Europe, and fewer still when we pass to other parts of the world. But, mak-

ing the best of available data, and proceeding on the principle that "nature, on the whole, averages the results," Mr. Reade feels justified in assuming provisionally that about one hundred tons of rocky matter will be dissolved by rain from every English square mile of the solid surface of the earth in the course of a year.

All this dissolved matter, however far it may be transported by rivers, ultimately runs down into the sea. If then, as commonly supposed, the sea contains only what has been washed out of the land, the results previously attained may help us to form some crude idea of the length of time which has been needed to give the ocean its present composition. Not to be irksome, we may pass over an array of figures and a number of provisional assumptions, in order to reach conclusions of general interest. These conclusions are, that it would take, in round numbers, twenty million years to accumulate the quantity of sulphates of lime and magnesia contained in the vast bulk of the ocean, but only four hundred and eighty thousand years to renew the carbonates of lime and magnesia; with reference, however, to the latter constituents, it must be borne in mind that a vast quantity of carbonate of lime is constantly being removed from sea water for the supply of the hard parts of shellfish, crustaceans, corals, and other marine animals, and consequently the amount calculated as present in the ocean is far from indicating the total quantity which is poured into it. But what are we to say of the chlorides, especially the chloride of sodium which is the prime constituent of sea water? The ocean contains so much of this salt and the rivers usually so little, that we are driven to conclude from the author's calculations that it would take two hundred million years to renew the chlorides in the ocean!

During the voyage of the "Challenger" the specific gravity of the sea water was determined daily by Mr. J. Y. Buchanan. Over one thousand eight hundred samples were thus examined, representing a wide range of localities and very various depths. It is obvious that these determinations are of great interest, since the density of the water may be taken approximately as an index of its saltness. If, therefore, we lay down upon a chart the results of the investigation, some idea may be formed of the distribution of salt in the ocean. This has been done by Mr.

Buchanan, who submitted his results to the Royal Geographical Society at their meeting on the 12th of March.

Great care was taken to secure accuracy in the determinations, and it is believed that the results obtained may be relied upon to the fifth place of decimals. As temperature has a great effect upon the density of a liquid, due care was taken to eliminate errors arising from this source. The samples taken from great depths were stored in the laboratory for four-and-twenty hours, in order to attain to the temperature of the atmosphere before examination.

The highest specific gravity was found in the Atlantic, where the water in certain areas was so concentrated as to have a density varying from 1.0275 to 1.0280. On both sides of the area of heavy salt water, the density fines off, and becomes lowest in the equatorial region, where it is reduced to about 1.0260 to 1.0265. The areas of maximum density coincide with regions of dry winds; it is clear that if the wind blow from a cold to a hot zone, it becomes comparatively drier as its temperature rises, can consequently take up more moisture; hence such a wind sweeping across the ocean tends to concentrate the water beneath, and the greatest density was therefore found where constant dry winds prevailed. In this way the trade winds produce two regions of concentrated water; and as the trades are more developed in the Atlantic than in the Pacific, we find the areas of greatest density in the Atlantic. On the other hand, winds which blow from hot to cold climates soon get saturated, and, evaporation being then diminished, the water below remains comparatively dilute. A heavy rainfall also produces dilution of the water. Nor is the effect of ice to be ignored in this inquiry. During the formation of ice the water which separates in a solid form contains but little salt, and therefore the water left behind in a liquid state becomes comparatively concentrated.

Looking at the general results of Mr. Buchanan's inquiry, we observe two great zones in which water is concentrated by cold, one in the Arctic and the other in the Antarctic regions; then there are two areas in which concentration is effected by the trade winds, and here again one is situated in the northern and one in the southern hemisphere; between the cold areas and the regions of the trades are two intermediate zones with fresher water; and finally between the two belts of the trade winds there is a zone of dilute



water corresponding with the region of calms, the equatorial water being in fact the freshest in any part of the ocean.

Every antiquary is familiar with the peculiar change which glass suffers when long exposed to atmospheric influences or buried in moist ground. The surface frequently becomes iridescent, and exhibits a marked tendency to exfoliate, or peel off in delicate scales. Even those who are not antiquaries must have been attracted by the beauty of this iridescence, commonly exhibited on the surface of the so-called lachrymatories and other ancient vessels frequently found in Roman sepulchres. Glass exposed to ammoniacal exhalations will likewise become iridescent; and brilliant examples may not uncommonly be seen on panes of glass in the windows of stables. The chemical nature of this alteration is, however, by no means well understood. It may therefore be worth while to call attention to some communications on the subject recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences.\*

A curious incipient change exhibited by glass, while retaining its transparency, has been detected and investigated by M. de Luynes. The surface of the glass in question appears on casual examination to be unaltered; but viewed under proper incidence of light it exhibits striations, and when slowly heated the exterior exfoliates. If placed in hot water, the liquid penetrates the fissures, finding its way from the circumference towards the centre of each scale, the edges of which thus become raised while the centre may remain fixed. This experiment indicates the way in which the surface of glass may naturally peel off. Had the glass under examination been exposed to atmospheric influences so that its disintegration could have proceeded naturally, it is obvious that moisture penetrating the fissures would have thrown off thin flakes, such as we see in ancient specimens. The scales loosened from the glass by artificial means were analyzed, and their chemical composition compared with that of the unaltered portion; in one case the scales contained 77·8 per cent. of silica, whilst the glass from which they were taken yielded only 65 per cent.; in another case the scales gave 78·4 per cent. of silica against 68

per cent. in the unaltered glass. This comparative richness in silica appears to be due to removal of alkalis from the original glass during its decomposition. Such an explanation is quite in accord with the results obtained by MM. Frémy and Clémandot in the paper about to be noticed.

For many years past these investigators have studied the properties of glass—one of them in the chemical laboratory, the other in the manufactory—and have already published interesting results in connection with the famous Venetian product known as aventurine glass. Their present paper deals chiefly with the artificial production of iridescence on the surface of glass. They find that by exposing certain varieties to the action of water containing fifteen per cent. of hydrochloric acid, under the combined influence of heat and pressure, the surface may be caused to acquire a beautiful iridescence which, unlike that on ancient glass, does not scale off, but remains adherent, thus permanently giving the glass much the appearance of mother-of-pearl. Many varieties of glass lend themselves with readiness to this treatment, whilst others remain unaffected. Here then is a test which may possibly admit of practical application in selecting glass for certain uses in the arts. However beautiful the iridescence may be, it is clearly undesirable that glass used for domestic purposes should be thus decomposed. For although the alteration to which we have referred has been brought about under exceptional conditions of temperature and pressure, there is no doubt that it would proceed to a limited extent even under normal conditions. Hence glass which is found to be easily acted upon should not be employed for bottles intended to hold acid liquids, like wine.

Although the electric conductivity, or power which different substances possess of transmitting electricity, has been determined with considerable accuracy in the case of metals and some other solids, it has been found much more difficult to extend the investigation to liquid conductors. One important source of inaccuracy is introduced by the phenomenon termed *polarization*; that is to say, when a current of electricity is sent through a liquid, the metal plates between which the current passes become coated with the products of decomposition of the liquid, and this so-called "polarization of the electrodes" produces a diminution of current. Mercury being a metal is an excellent conductor,

\* "Recherches sur l'irisation du Verre." Par MM. Frémy et Clémandot. *Comptes Rendus*, No. 5, 1877, p. 200.

"Note sur certaines altérations du Verre." Par M. V. de Luynes. *Ibid.*, No. 7, p. 303.

but other liquids offer vastly greater resistance than that of the metals. Water, for instance, is known to possess very low electric conductivity, or, what comes to the same thing, a very high specific resistance. It is curious, however, to note the enormous difference in the results obtained by different experimenters on this subject. To take extreme cases, the electric conductivity of water, as determined by Pouillet, is about sixty times as great as that determined by Magnus; whilst other results lying between these extremes, but differing one from another, have been deduced by Becquerel, Oberbeck, Rossetti, and Quincke. With such discordant results on record, it is clear that Professor Kohlrausch has done good service by investigating the subject afresh.\*

As it is known that the presence of even a minute proportion of foreign matter greatly affects the conductivity of water, every precaution was taken in these experiments to obtain the liquid in as pure a state as possible. The water was twice distilled with the utmost care, and allowed to come in contact with nothing but air and platinum. The apparatus in which the resistance was determined consisted of a hemispherical vessel of platinum, which served as one of the electrodes, while the other was a similar through smaller vessel placed within the first, but of course without touching it, the space between the two vessels being occupied by the liquid under examination. Precautions were also taken to avoid polarization, by which the resistance might appear to be affected. The conductivity of water, purified and tested in this way, was found to be about half as great as that determined by Magnus, and only one hundred and twentieth of that obtained by Pouillet. To show the great resistance of such water, we may remark that silver conducts electricity almost a billion times better. If the water be allowed to remain for some hours in the platinum vessel, the conductivity of the liquid is considerably increased. When the water was condensed in a worm of silver instead of platinum, the conducting power was raised; and when glass was employed, it rose to five times that of the liquid condensed in platinum—a result attributed to the action of the water upon the glass and consequent contamination of the liquid. Rain-water collected in Darmstadt possessed a conductivity about

twenty-five times as great as that obtained with the purest water. Snow-water appears to be purer than rain-water, for its conductivity was found to be much less.

Whilst water is frequently classed among conductors of electricity, alcohol and ether have been regarded as non-conductors or as semi-conductors. It has been said, indeed, that water conducts two hundred and four times better than alcohol. Professor Kohlrausch, however, has found that in several cases commercial absolute alcohol conducted better than pure water; the conductivity of the spirit being, in fact, two and a half times that of the purest water.

In the course of last year no fewer than twelve minor planets were discovered, the last having been No. 169, named *Zelia*, which was detected on the 28th of September. With the beginning of the year fresh discoveries were made, and three new planets have already been announced from French observatories.\* On the 10th of January M. Perrotin, of Toulouse, who detected *Erigone* a year ago, discovered the new planetoid No. 170; and the same body was found about ten days afterwards by Professor Peters, of Clinton, U.S. A planet, believed to be distinct from this, and therefore to be distinguished as No. 171, was discovered by M. Borrelly, of Marseilles, on the 13th of January; and the same observer detected another (No. 172) on the 5th of February.† Since attention was directed to the group of asteroids by the discovery of *Astræa* in 1845, so many of these minor members of the solar system have been found that additional discoveries fail to excite much interest.

From the observatory at Marseilles we have also the announcement of a new comet discovered by M. Borrelly on the 9th of February. It was soon afterwards independently detected by Herr Pechüle at Copenhagen. The comet presented the appearance of a round nebulous mass, with a small central nucleus, and an apparent diameter of ten minutes. It was nearest to the earth on the 18th of February, when its distance was about equal to that of the planet Venus when she is nearest to us. The spectrum of the comet was examined by Father Secchi, who found it to consist of three bands, so faint, how-

\* "Ueber das elektrische Leitungsvermögen des Wassers und einiger anderer schlechter Leiter." Von F. Kohlrausch. Poggendorff's *Annalen*, Ergänzungsband viii., p. 1.

\* "Découvertes des trois petites Planètes et d'une Comète, faites à Toulouse et à Marseille." *Comptes Rendus*, No. 7, 1847.

† "Observations de la Comète découverte par M. Borrelly." *Comptes Rendus*, No. 8, p. 336.

ever, that he was unable to fix their precise positions.

The recent appearance of a new German journal devoted to crystallography and mineralogy\* is an event well worthy of note, not only for its own sake, but as significant of the position which these sciences hold in Germany, and which strikingly contrasts with their position in this country. To the English observer, accustomed to the scanty mineralogical literature of his mother tongue, it might have seemed that there was already in Germany a sufficiently large serial literature occupied with mineralogy and the cognate sciences. Need we point to the *Mineralogische Mittheilungen*, so ably conducted by Professor Tschermak, of Vienna? Is not the famous *Neues Jahrbuch* of Professors Leonhard and Geinitz largely occupied with mineralogical papers? And do we not find mineralogical researches recorded in the *Zeitschrift* of the German Geological Society, in the *Berichte* of the German Chemical Society, in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, and elsewhere? Yet, with all these publishing media open, Professor Groth has felt that there is room for a new journal devoted mainly to crystallography, and subordinately to general mineralogy. And no doubt he is right. Aided by some of the ablest mineralogists in almost all parts of the world, he has brought out an opening number which gives promise of a very high-class journal. In turning over its pages, however, the reader becomes uncomfortably conscious of the inconvenience of not having a settled system of crystallographic notation. The formulæ are, in fact, written in most cases in the two rival systems—that is to say, in the notation of Professor W. H. Miller, and also in the more popular notation which Naumann introduced.

It is clearly a waste of energy to have to express the same thing by two sets of symbols, written side by side, just as chemical formulæ are often written doubly, according to both the new and the old systems.

In calling attention to Professor Groth's new journal we have but performed a pleasing duty; to attempt its analysis, however, would carry us into technical details unintelligible to most readers. Notwithstanding the vast mineral wealth of Britain, mineralogy treated scientifically

has met with but little encouragement in this country; yet it is pleasing to observe that there are not wanting signs of an awakening to its real value. Indeed, within the last few months two new societies have sprung into being—the Mineralogical and the Crystallogical. Still there can be no question that to the English student the inorganic branches of natural history are far less fascinating than the biological branches. It is therefore to these sciences that we now pass.

Every one interested in the subject of spontaneous generation will remember that Professor Tyndall made, last year, a series of ingenious experiments in which he adopted the method of subsidence for purifying the air to which his putrescible infusions were exposed—that is to say, he placed the infusion in chambers washed on the inside with glycerine, and, before commencing the experiment, allowed the air to settle until a beam from the electric lamp revealed no motes in it. By these means all putrefactive germs falling on the bottom and sides of the chamber were caught by the glycerine, and infusions of various sorts—animal and vegetable—could be kept in the chamber for any length of time without showing the slightest tendency to putrefy. A similar set of experiments has recently been made by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger,\* who, operating with the germs of known organisms, has been able to show the rate at which these living motes fall through the air, and the time after the expiration of which putrescible fluids, in a still atmosphere, are out of danger from their contact.

When a maceration fluid—such as an infusion of fish in water—is allowed to dry up, it forms a “light, hard, porous, papier-mâché-like mass,” in which are contained, in incalculable millions, the germs of those organisms to which the putrefaction of the fluid was due. A cake of this sort was taken, derived from a fluid known to contain the germs of two forms of monad, the life-history of which Mr. Dallinger had worked out, namely, the “calycine monad” and the “springing monad.” A small quantity of the powder from this cake was dried at 150° F., a temperature 15° above that required to kill the adult form, and was then diffused through the air of a Tyndall's chamber. In this chamber were placed vessels containing a putrescible fluid, some open, some covered with lids which

\* *Zeitschrift für Kristallographie und Mineralogie*. Unter Mitwirkung zahlreicher Fachgenossen des In- und Auslandes herausgegeben von F. Groth. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. No. 1, 1877.

\* *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, December, 1876.

could, by a simple mechanical contrivance, be removed without disturbing anything else. Twenty-four hours after the exposure of the open basins to the mote-laden atmosphere, the covers of the others were removed, and everything was left for a certain time, after which first the open and subsequently the remaining basins were examined. It was then found that in those which had been exposed to the air from the first the calycine monad occurred in every drop taken from every vessel, and the springing monad in two-thirds of the drops examined. In the vessels which had not been exposed until the air had settled for twenty-four hours, the calycine form was wholly absent in three vessels out of four, and in the others occurred only in four drops out of thirty, while the springing form flourished in every vessel.

The reason of these facts is very curious and very interesting. The calycine monad is a giant of its kind, being about one nine-hundredth of an inch in length, while the springing monad is not longer than one three-thousandth of an inch. The germs of these naturally bear some proportion to the size of their parents, and, consequently, the minute particles of protoplasm which constitute the spores of the calycine monad were some ten times as heavy as those of the other, and had nearly all fallen and impregnated the fluid in the open basins before the covered vessels were exposed. Mr. Dallinger put the matter to a further test. There is one monad, the "uninflagellate" form, upon which many of his observations had been made; this in its adult state is about one four-thousandth or one forty-five-hundredth of an inch in length, and its spores are so small as actually to be invisible with the highest powers of the microscope. Dust from a dried cake containing these spores was mixed with some containing the comparatively gigantic calycine form, and the former experiment repeated. It was found that nearly all the calycine germs had fallen in twenty-four hours, all in forty-two hours, for vessels exposed after the lapse of the last-named time contained not a single calycine monad, while every drop taken from them swarmed with the little uninflagellate form.

Mr. Dallinger has thus shown most conclusively that whenever a putrid infusion dries up there will be found a powdery mass containing spores which every breath of air will diffuse far and wide, and that some of these spores are so minute as to require two days to fall a few inches in a perfectly still atmosphere, so that the dis-

tance to which they could be carried, and to which they could spread contagion, is practically unlimited. The bearing of this on the germ theory is obvious enough.

Some months since, the spontaneous generation controversy arrived at an important crisis. Results of the most conflicting character had been obtained by different observers, and a settlement of the question seemed further off than ever. But, about the middle of last year, Dr. Bastian earned the gratitude of biologists by narrowing the point at issue, and giving, for a time at least, a definite direction to future experiments. He announced, at the meeting of the Royal Society on the 15th of June,\* that he had discovered the precise conditions under which living organisms were infallibly produced in certain putrescible but sterilized organic fluids. If this supposed discovery were a real one, its importance could hardly be over-estimated; for if once the conditions requisite for development of life *de novo* in an organic fluid were ascertained, it would be but one step further to imitate those conditions in a manufactured fluid of known composition, and thus to gain some conception of the way in which the first germs of life may have originated on the earth. The theory of evolution would thus be complete at one end of the scale of being, and would receive a confirmation of its truth which "none of our enemies would be able to gainsay or to resist."

The needful conditions for the spontaneous development of life in boiled organic fluids are, according to Dr. Bastian, the neutrality or slight alkalinity of the fluid, or its maintenance at a tolerably high temperature (115°-120° F.). He placed his putrescible fluid (urine) in glass retorts, into the necks of which he introduced a small sealed glass tube drawn out to a fine point and containing enough potash solution to neutralize the fluid, the potash having been previously heated to the temperature of boiling water. After the introduction of the potash tube the retort and its contents were subjected for some minutes to the boiling temperature; the neck of the vessel was sealed during ebullition, and, after cooling, the potash was liberated by a shake sufficiently violent to break the capillary tube.

Under these circumstances Dr. Bastian found that in every case the fluid swarmed

\* *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, 1876, vol. xxv., No. 172.



with bacteria after a longer or shorter time; while no organisms were developed if it remained acid, or if an excess of alkali had been added. Even under these latter circumstances, however, a copious development of bacteria was insured by keeping the fluid at a temperature of 122°.

This is Dr. Bastian's case. But it will be observed that he failed to "mak sicker" in two important points: in the first place there was no proof that the fluids in question would not have developed bacteria without the addition of the potash; and, secondly, the potash was heated only to the temperature of boiling water, a temperature which, though amply sufficient to kill adult bacteria, has been proved, in many cases, to leave their germs unslain. It became essential, then, to repeat the experiments, allowing the fluids to stand sufficiently long, before adding potash, to make it tolerably certain that no organisms would be developed without the addition of the alkali, and to heat the potash to a temperature considerably above the boiling-point of water, so as to insure the complete destruction of the most enduring microphyte germs.

Experiments with these necessary precautions have lately been made by Professor Tyndall and Dr. W. Roberts, of Manchester, and their results seem to demonstrate, conclusively enough, the fallacy of Dr. Bastian's conclusions.

Dr. Roberts's experiments\* were conducted in the same manner as Dr. Bastian's, with one or two important modifications. In the first place the tube containing the proper quantity of potash for neutralization of the fluid was heated, in an oil bath, to a temperature of 280° F., 68° above the boiling-point of water; secondly, after the flask containing the boiled fluid with its contained potash tube had been hermetically sealed—of course during ebullition—it was allowed to stand in a warm place for a fortnight, and thus prove its complete sterility. The potash tube was then broken, and the flask exposed to a temperature of 115°, and afterwards to one of 122°; that is, the fluid was exposed to the very conditions which, according to Dr. Bastian, are most potent in inducing spontaneous generation. Nevertheless every one of the flasks was found to be absolutely sterile. It must be observed that not one of the essential conditions was altered—potash is no

more affected by the temperature of 280° than by that of 212°; the putrescible fluid was only boiled, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, for five minutes, so that its composition could have been in no way altered, and yet the results obtained were, without exception, negative.

In Professor Tyndall's\* experiments the same course was adopted, except for the fact that the potash was heated only to 220° F. instead of 280°. Again the results were negative. Professor Tyndall, as usual, brings forward a "cloud of witnesses" to prove his position, and says: "The experiments have already extended to one hundred and five instances, not one of which shows the least countenance to the doctrine of spontaneous generation."

Similar results have been obtained in France by M. Pasteur, and once more there seemed to be some promise of a settlement of the difficulty, when Dr. Bastian communicated to the French Academy the results of further experiments in which he had heated his potash to a temperature above that prescribed by his opponents and for a longer time, and, under these circumstances, he always obtained a copious development of bacteria.

Thus, then, the matter now stands with regard to this particular experiment, and the question seems to have become one of experimental ability between the upholders of the two opposing views. There are, however, certain facts recently brought forward by Professor Tyndall, which throw a very important light upon the possible cause of such extraordinary discrepancies.

It is a well-known fact that dried peas resist the action of boiling water for a much longer time than green peas—that in fact, the latter are reduced to a pulp in a space of time hardly sufficient to soften the former. Professor Tyndall† found that an infusion of old hay was much more difficult to sterilize than one of fresh hay, and that, while a few minutes' boiling sufficed to kill all germs in the latter, those contained in hay a year or two old resisted the action of heat for a very long time. He naturally concluded from this that the almost infinitely minute germs of microphytes may, in just the same manner as peas, become dried and hardened, and so able to oppose a long and obstinate resistance to the action of heat.

\* *Loc. cit.*, p. 457.

† "Preliminary Note on the Development of Organisms in Organic Infusions." *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xxv., No. 177.

\* *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xxv., No. 176.

Assuming, then, as it seems one is bound to do, that germs may and do undergo this excessive induration, one is able to form some conception of the difficulty of sterilizing a fluid in which, as is certainly the case in very many instances, veteran germs occur, and to appreciate the ingenuity with which Professor Tyndall has overcome the difficulty. He finds\* that frequent applications of a low degree of heat, applied at intervals, have a far greater sterilizing effect than a single application of a very high temperature.

A given fluid may contain germs of all ages. If this fluid is boiled for a considerable period, all those of recent formation will be killed at once, while those of considerable age will only be just sufficiently softened to enable them to germinate subsequently. If, on the other hand, the fluid is first heated for a short time—and a fraction of a second is often sufficient—the recent germs will be killed, and those a degree older so softened, that, after a period of latency, they are ready to germinate. Heat now applied for a short time will kill these, and fit a third set for growth; and the same course may be adopted for successive crops, until even the hardest and driest germ is killed. It was found that a fluid which was not rendered barren by boiling for an hour was completely sterilized by this process, although never heated up to the boiling-point, and although the whole time of heating did not amount to five minutes; and even the infusions which had given Professor Tyndall most trouble were, without exception, rendered permanently barren.

Many years ago an ingenious tale appeared in one of the magazines, the hero of which had a theory to the effect that the last object seen by a dying person was imprinted on the retina, and could, by suitable means, be photographed, and so preserved. His researches on this subject and his final success were detailed with great appearance of truth, and in the end he discovered the murderer of his sister by recognizing in a chance-met stranger the original of the portrait he had, years before, obtained from the eye of the victim. It is curious how prophetic this seemingly wild fable has turned out to be of a wonderful discovery made within the last few weeks.

A short time since Franz Boll observed

that the retinas of all animals, instead of being white or greyish, as was supposed, were of a beautiful purple-red hue. Boll supposed that this color was destroyed during life by strong light and restored by darkness, and that it invariably disappeared, forever, a few seconds after death.

Since the publication of Boll's results, the subject has been investigated in great detail by Kühne,\* who has arrived at conclusions the importance of which can hardly be too highly estimated. He found, first of all, that although the sight-purple (*Schpuppur*) disappears within half a minute after death in bright sunlight, yet that in gas-light it remains unaltered for twenty to thirty minutes, and in the dark, or when exposed only to the yellow light of the sodium flame, for twenty-four to forty-eight hours—after the time, in fact, at which decomposition has set in. The color, moreover, exists only in the layer of rods and cones, and although discharged by high temperature and by certain reagents, it remains unaffected by others, such as common salt, alum, and glycerine, and is also unaltered when the retina is spread on a glass plate—of course, in yellow light—and allowed to undergo complete desiccation. Furthermore, when a retina was spread out on glass, partly covered by strips of tinfoil, and then exposed to light, it was found that the otherwise bleached membrane retained its beautiful purple color wherever it had been protected from the action of light by the tinfoil. In other words, there was impressed upon it a *positive photograph* of the strips.

It was now necessary to decide the question, How is the sight-purple renewed in the living animal after being bleached by light? The retina from one eye of a frog was removed and placed on a glass plate; an equatorial section was made of the other eye, and its posterior half was exposed to light, under the same conditions as the removed retina, until the latter was completely bleached. The second retina, still in its natural relations to the other coats of the eye, but presumably with its color discharged, was then taken into the sodium chamber, removed, placed on glass, and again brought into ordinary daylight. The purple colour was found to be perfectly restored. From another eye the retina was removed in such a way that some black fibres of the underlying choroid coat still adhered to it; it was then

\* "On Heat as a Germicide when Discontinuously Applied." Read before the Royal Society in February.

\* "Zur Photochemie, der Netzhaut." Gelesen in der Sitzung des naturhistorisch-medizinischen Vereins zu Heidelberg den 5. Januar, 1877.

spread out on glass and exposed to light. The bleaching effect was less marked when the choroid was left. Still more instructive is an experiment in which a portion of the retina was removed from its natural position until bleached, and then carefully put back, so as to be once more in contact with the choroid; when removed after a few minutes it was found that the sight-purple was completely renewed. It is thus proved that the restoration of the sensitive pigment is the special function of the choroid, the hexagonal cells of which, extending for a short distance between the rods and cones, continually sensitize the latter, as they become bleached by light.

It follows from this that, as Kühne observes in a subsequent paper,\* normal vision is only possible while a constant balance exists between the bleaching of the rods by light and the purpurogenous action of the retinal epithelium. If, therefore, this balance were destroyed by a prolonged exposure to light, it should be possible to obtain a *permanent optograph* of a luminous object; and this Kühne now set himself to accomplish, devoting his attention to the eyes of mammals, in which the purple-forming function of the choroid ceases a few minutes after death.

A rabbit was fixed at a short distance (1·5 metre) from a square hole, of thirty centimetres in the side, in a window-shutter; its head was covered for a short interval with a black cloth, the cloth was removed, and the eye exposed to the light of midday for three minutes. The animal was then instantly beheaded, the eye removed in a chamber lighted by the sodium flame, and placed in a solution of alum. On the second day the retina was removed, and was found to exhibit, on a rose-red ground, a white image about one square millimetre in size, almost quadrate in shape, and with its edges sharp as if drawn by a ruler!

Naturally Kühne was not satisfied with this single experiment, decisive as it was, but a week after its publication brought out a third communication, in which even more beautiful and astonishing results are described.† A rabbit was treated in the same manner as the last, except that it was placed a short distance from an entire window, and not a hole in the shutter: in this case the whole image of the window

was accurately photographed — the panes white, the crossbars red and sharply defined. It was found also, as might have been expected, that a better image was obtained from the eye of a rabbit just killed than from one actually living, it being difficult in the latter case to overcome the regenerating action of the choroid on the sight-purple.

Lastly, Kühne tried the simplest method of optography: the head of a rabbit was cut off, and, without any preparation, held for ten minutes under the middle of a large skylight. After the usual treatment with alum, the retina was examined, and on it was seen the perfectly sharp image of the skylight, with every pane and crossbar accurately reproduced, and, at some distance, a smaller image of the second skylight of the room, the light from which of course fell obliquely into the eye.

To summarize — the essential conditions of vision are essentially photographic: the purple layer of rods and cones is altogether analogous to a sensitized plate, the color of which is discharged by light, but, during life, immediately renewed by the layer of epithelial cells in contact with it. And thus a great stride has been made in bringing the mysterious processes of life within the grasp of ordinary chemico-physical laws. Much yet remains to be done; the realm of things settled is still but an

isle of bliss

Midmost the beating of a steely sea;

and it will be a long time yet before the desirable, though perhaps somewhat dreary, state of things comes to pass, when the biologist may, according to his temperament, sit down and weep that he has no more worlds to conquer, or sing his *Nunc dimittis* at having no more problems to settle and no more battles to fight.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CRISIS APPROACHING.

WHILE Oswald went about the streets so lightly, and thought so pleasantly of his prospects, another mind, still more agitated than that of Cara, was turning over and over all he had done for the last five or six weeks, and all that he might be about to do in the future. Agnes in her convent, with all her routine of duties —

\* "Vorläufige Mittheilung über optographische Versuche." *Centralblatt für die med. Wissenschaften*, 1877, No. 3.

† "Zweite Mittheilung über Optographie." *Centralblatt*, 1877, No. 4.

with the little tinkling bell continually calling her to one thing or another, to matins or even-song, to "meditation," to this service or that, to choir practice, to dinner and tea and recreation — carried a tumult of fancies about with her, which no one, except perhaps Sister Mary Jane, guessed. Oswald would have stood aghast could he have seen into that little ocean of excited feeling, where the waves rose higher and higher as the hours went on, and sometimes a swelling tide almost swept the thinker herself away — though indeed he would have been so unable to understand it that the inspection would probably have taught him little. How easily he took all this, which was so tremendous to her! and that not only because of the difference between man and woman, but because of the fundamental difference in temperament, which was greater still. Agnes had known but little that was lovely or pleasant in her life. Her rectory home was neither; her father and mother and brothers and sisters were all vulgar and commonplace, struggling for existence, and for such privileges as it contained, one against another, and against the world, each grumbling at the indulgences the other managed to secure. The parish and its poor — and its rich, who were not much more attractive — had been all the world she had known; and the only beings who had crossed her horizon, who were not struggling like her own people, in the sordid race of existence, to get something, whatever it might be, were the sisters in the "house," and such a gentle retired person as Miss Cherry, who was not fighting for anything, who was ready to yield to any one, and whose mild existence was evidently not pervaded by that constant recollection of self which filled up all the life of the others. This was what had brought the visionary girl into the "house," which was sordid, too, in its details, though not in its spirit. Then there had been suddenly presented to her, just as she settled down to the work of the house, an image of something new, something more spontaneous, more easy in generosity, more noble in liberality than anything she had ever encountered. What did it matter that this type of nobleness was a handsome young man? Visionary Agnes, in the daring of her youth, saw no harm, but rather a beautiful fitness, in the fact that this revelation of the ideal should have all that was best in externals as well as in more important things. He had stopped short — no doubt with all the brilliant world, which she did not know, wait-

ing for him, arrested till he should rejoin it, to carry the wounded child to the hospital. He had left those mysterious glories of life, day after day and week after week, to go and ask for little Emmy. How wonderful this was! The devotion of Sister Mary Jane, the loving-kindness of Miss Cherry, faded before such an example; for they had not the world at their feet as this young paladin evidently had.

This was how the first chapter of the story came about. It opened her eyes (Agnes thought) to nobleness undreamed of, and for the first few weeks the universe itself had grown more bright to her. Could it be possible, then, that in "the world" itself, which the sisters had abjured — in that splendid glorious "society" which even ascetic books spoke of as something too full of entrancements and seductions to be resisted by any but the most heroic, there were still opportunities of living the highest unselfish life, to the glory of God and the comfort of man? When Agnes found that this ideal hero of hers had thoughts less exalted in his bosom, that so small a motive as the wish to see herself and talk to her had something to do with his devotion to the orphan, her visionary mind received a shock. Probably, had Oswald's enthusiasm been for another, she would have been permanently disquieted by the discovery; but there is something strangely conciliatory in the fact that it is one's self who is admired and followed. Such trivial emotions detract from the perfection of an ideal character; but still it is a much more easy thing to forgive your own lover than any one else's. And the more he sought her, the more Agnes's heart, in spite of herself, inclined towards the man who could be thus moved. The ideal stole away, but so insensibly, in rose-colored clouds, that she had not discovered the departure of her first admiration and wonder before something else stole in. It was not all goodness, nobleness, Chris in charity, perhaps, that moved him; but what was it? Love, which in its way is divine too. Only after this altogether new influence had made itself felt did doubts appear, making a chaos in her mind. Were his sentiments as true as she had first thought? Was it right to counterfeit goodness, even in the name of love? Was not, after all, the life of the sisters, the life of sacrifice, more noble than the other smiling life, of which he was the emblem? Was it not a mean thing to go back from that, and all one's high thoughts of it, to the common romance of a story-book?



Might not this romance lead back again to those vulgar beaten paths out of which Agnes had supposed herself to have escaped? And, ah! was it true after all? this was the refrain which kept coming back. Was it love and not levity? Was he seeking her seriously, in honor and truth; or was it possible that he was not noble at all, seeking her only for his own amusement? These thoughts shook Agnes to the bottom of her soul. They were like convulsions passing over her, tearing her spirit asunder. She went on with her work and all her religious exercises, and nobody found out how curiously unaware of what she was doing the girl was; living in a dream, performing mechanically all outside functions. Who does know, of those who are most near to us, what is going on in our minds? And not a calm sister, not a little orphan in the house, would have been more incapable of comprehending than was Oswald—to whom it would have seemed impossible—that anything in the world could produce so much emotion. Not only was it incomprehensible to him, but he could not even have found it out; and that his conduct should move either Agnes or Cara to this passionate suffering was an idea out of his grasp altogether. He would have been astounded, and more than astounded, had he been able to see into these two strange phases of unknown existence, which he could not have realized; but yet he was interested as warmly as his nature permitted. He was "in love;" he was ready to do a great deal to secure to himself the girl he loved. He was ready to proceed to the most unmistakable conclusions, to commit himself, to blazon his love to the eyes of day. Perhaps even the sense that it was in his power to do this, without waiting for a key-note from any one else, had something to do with his perfect calm.

After this, however, the departure of Emmy brought a new phase to the strange wooing. There was no reason now why Agnes should go out alone; and watchful Sister Mary Jane, who was not satisfied with the shape the affair was taking, exercised an undisclosed surveillance over her young disciple. Things of "the world," like love and marriage, are out of the way of professed sisters, Anglican or otherwise; but Sister Mary Jane had long recognized that Agnes Burchell had not a "vocation," and she was a woman, though she was a sister, and had a soft spot in her heart which would have made her not inexorable to an incipient romance. But why didn't he ask me about her friends?

Sister Mary Jane said to herself. This seemed to her the test by which Oswald was to be known, and he had borne its application badly. Accordingly she watched over Agnes with double zeal, scarcely letting her out of her own sight. Some one was always ready to accompany her, when she went out; and even in the daily procession of the schoolgirls Agnes was never left alone. Here, however, Oswald was just as much in advance of everything Agnes could have thought of, as she was in advance of him in intensity of feeling. Nothing could exceed the cleverness, the patience, the pertinacity with which he baffled this attempt to shut him out from her. He would not be shut out; he haunted the neighborhood like the air they breathed. The door seemed never to open but he was within reach, and Agnes never went to a window without seeing him. He passed the procession as it went demurely along the street; he was present somewhere when it came out, and when it went in; whenever Agnes was visible he was there. This might have been the most intolerable persecution, enough to drive the victim crazy; but oddly enough it did not produce this effect. On the contrary, the sense of his constant presence near her, watching her perpetually, became like an intoxication to Agnes. She went about more and more like a person in a dream. To feel that when you lift your eyes you will most probably see a handsome face full of tender interest, anxiously waiting to secure your answering glance, and beautiful eyes full of love and eagerness watching you wherever you go, is not a thing which produces a very displeasing effect upon the mind of a girl. He could not approach her directly, had not a chance of speaking to her; but he never gave her time to forget him. The excitement of this pursuit delighted Oswald. It would have pleased him, even had he been much less truly touched by genuine love than he was, so far as that love can be considered genuine which springs from the sudden impression made by a fair face, and which has no foundation (to speak of) of personal knowledge or intimate acquaintance. As this, however, is what is called love by the great majority of the world, we need not apologize for Oswald's sentiment, which was quite real and very engrossing. But it suited his character admirably to carry it on in this way. He enjoyed the sensation of foiling all precautions, and conveying by a glance, by the taking off of his hat, by his mere appearance, as much as other

men do by chapters of more practical wooing. Agnes, after a week or two of such treatment, began to forget all her doubts, and to feel herself floated upwards into a visionary world, a kind of poetical paradise, in which the true knight worships and the fair lady responds at a saintly distance, infinitely above him yet beneath him, half angelic yet half parasitic, owing to his worship the greater part of her grandeur. She made a little feeble resistance, now and then saying to herself that she did not know him, that he did not know her; asking herself how could this interchange of glances and the dozen words they had spoken to each other form any foundation for "friendship," which in the trouble of her mind was what she chose to call it? But such arguments do not count for much in the mind of a girl who feels and knows that all her comings and goings are marked by adoring eyes, that some instinct guides her lover across her path whenever she leaves the shelter of her home, and that his love is great enough to encounter perpetual fatigue and trouble, and to make him give up his entire leisure to the chance of seeing her. If it ever gleamed across her mind that he might have found out an easier way by making love to her parents, and that this would at once have delivered them both from all possibility of misunderstanding, the idea faded as quickly as it entered, driven away by the next appearance of Oswald's reverential salutation, his eager glance, his apparently accidental presence. Sister Mary Jane very seldom went with the procession, and it was not etiquette to talk of what was seen or heard outside, and the superior of the "house" was so occupied as to be beyond the possibility of gossip. So that she did not hear of the daily appearance of the intruder. Sister Catherine was short-sighted, and very much taken up with the demeanor of the girls. If she remarked him at all with her dim eyes, she took it for granted that he lived in the neighborhood and was going to his occupation, whatever it might be, when the girls went out for their walk. "I don't keep up the practice of recognizing the people I knew in the world," she said on one occasion, seeing somebody taking off his hat. "Never mind whether it was for you or for me; it is best to take no notice — unless, indeed, with real friends." But she did not mention the incident to the superior, and Agnes, though she trembled, said nothing. The daily encounter was like wine in her veins. It intoxicated her with a curious

dreamy intoxication of the spirit. Her head was in the clouds as she walked, and she did not know which was real — the curious life which she passed like a dream in the house, or that glimpse of freedom and light and sunshine which she had abroad, light in which he stood enshrined like the young Saint Michael in the painted window. By degrees that moment of encounter became the principal fact in the day. Who was she to resist this fanciful, delicate worship? and Agnes did not know that it was to him no visionary, reverential, distant worship, but the most amusing and seductive pursuit in the world.

It was evident, however, that this could not go on indefinitely without coming to some conclusion. A few weeks stole by; Oswald did not tire, and Agnes grew more and more self-absorbed. She struggled, but ineffectually, against the sweet, strange fascination which rapt her out of the vulgar world altogether, in which she still went on mechanically doing her duties, very good to the children, very submissive and sweet to the sisters, caring for nothing so much as to sit still in a corner and muse and dream when her work was done. Agnes felt herself a very unsatisfactory person all these weeks. She was ashamed to think how little her heart was in her work, although she did it to all appearance more dutifully than ever. All her little disquiet was over. She bore the dullness of routine like an angel, because of this visionary refuge of dreams which she had; but with all this outward sweetness Agnes felt that in her early days in the "house," when her heart rebelled at the details, but was warm as an enthusiast's in the spirit of the place, she was more true than now. Now she was patient, docile, gentle with everybody, and when she had an opportunity of quiet would stroll into the little rude chapel with its bare walls — for what; for prayer? She had gone there to pray for strength many a time when her patience was nearly at an end before; but now what visions stole unwittingly yet too sweetly upon her dreamy soul, what words imagined or remembered kept echoing in her ears! Poor Agnes, how happy she was and how miserable! Good Sister Catherine, short-sighted and dull, wondered over the young teacher's growth in grace, and whispered to the superior that a great work was going on, and that their young helper would soon devote herself as they had done, and join them altogether in their work. But Sister Mary Jane, who was wise, shook her head.

She saw something in the dreamer's eyes which did not mean devotion. And oh, how guilty poor Agnes felt when, stealing out of chapel where her prayers had so soon melted away into those musings, she encountered the blue eyes which Oswald had thought too beautiful not to be merciful as well! Agnes trembled daily to be asked, "What are you thinking of?" What was she thinking of? how could she tell any one — much less Sister Mary Jane? It was shameful, terrible, to carry such thoughts into such a place. How she had fallen off from the first fervor, the early enthusiasm of self-devotion! to what was that devotion now turned aside? Alas! alas! But, all the same, in external matters the change was for the better. The more pious of the girls thought her a true Agnes, fit votary of the saint who bears the lamb. They hoped she would keep that gentle name and be Sister Agnes when she was professed.

Thus Agnes got an altogether fictitious reputation while Oswald carried on his wooing; and summer came, and the long evenings grew more and more akin to dreams. Oswald did what few men of his class would do for love or anything else — went without his dinner, evening after evening. In the hot days the girls had their walk later; and, as soon as he found this out, love and the excitement of pursuit and the determination to succeed, persuaded him, between them, to this sublime point of self-sacrifice. After a while he was rewarded. And this was how it came about.

It was June; the summer had expanded until the days were almost at their longest, and, as the season had all through been a very warm and bright one, everything was in its perfection of summer beauty. Oswald had seen the school procession trip in one evening by the door of the "house," leaving behind all the lovely glow of a summer sunset. He turned round and walked away towards that brilliant western blaze with a sigh; twilight was in his face, which the golden light caught aslant and glorified. It was getting on to the wistful moment of the day when the excitement of the sun's departure is over, and Nature, too, sighs in exhaustion and gentle sadness; and it was the wistful moment for the lover, his lady just disappeared out of sight, and the impossibility of following her, speaking to her, getting any point of connection with her, overwhelming his mind. Was this how it was always to be; never to get any further; never to do anything but wait and gaze and salute

her as she passed; was this to be all? Rather indeed this for her, than anything with another! But yet the days were long, and it is dreary always to wait.

When there suddenly appeared against the blaze in the west a black poke-bonnet, the ugliest of its kind. He pricked up his ears and quickened his steps. How he could think it might be she whom he had just seen to disappear at the convent door, I don't understand; but his heart began to beat and his steps quickened as if by magic. Nothing short, however, of a novel adaptation of the great Indian juggling trick could have brought Agnes there. She was, on the contrary, safe in the "house," superintending the girls who were getting ready for tea, with the sweetest angelic smile upon her face. The girls were hot from their walk, tired and troublesome and noisy; but Agnes bore with them like a saint — did not hear them indeed, having retired into her private chapel and place of -musing. But if it was not Agnes, if indeed it was some one as unlike Agnes as could be conceived, Agnes herself could scarcely have been so desirable to meet. It was the old portress of the "house," the lay sister who had several times accompanied her on her expeditions to the hospital. A sudden inspiration came to Oswald. There could be nothing improper in addressing her, a perfectly safe person to whom his interest in little Emmy could bear nothing but the most natural and genuine aspect. He hastened up to her with anxious looks and asked how the little patient was, and if any news of her had been received at the "house."

"Oh, bless you, sir, yes!" said the lay sister; "she's been very bad, but now she's better. She won't be a long liver, that child. She's very delicate, but come when it will the little lamb is prepared. She is the pioudest child I ever came across."

"Do you mean to say she is dying?" said Oswald, alarmed in spite of himself.

"Oh, no, sir! Some time, I make no doubt, but not now; but she has been that delicate — you could blow her away with a puff of wind. So she has never come back. Indeed, I hear the teacher of the third division, that's Miss Burchell — you've seen her — the one as always went to the hospital —"

"Oh, yes, I have seen her!"

"Delicate too, sir. I'm not easy deceived, and I saw in a moment as she was not fit for the work."

"Is she ill?" said Oswald, all tremulous

and excited, feeling disposed to rush forthwith to the "house" without rhyme or reason, and carry her off.

"Oh, no, sir; not at all! But Sister Mary Jane, she's the superior——"

"Yes, yes; I know."

"She thinks that she'd be the better for a change, and so, as she wants to send some more children to the sanatorium, she's made up her mind to send her, for she'd be a deal the better she says of a little sea air herself."

"Ah!" said Oswald, "*she* who is going to the sanatorium is Sister Mary Jane?"

"Not at all, sir, oh no, the one that is going is Miss Burchell. Sister Mary Jane is the superior, and she thinks it will do her good and take off her thoughts."

"Ah, I see," said Oswald gravely. "When does Miss Burchell go? you might ask her from me to remember me to little Emmy; when does she go?"

"To-morrow, sir. I am sure, sir, you're very good to think so much about such a little thing as that; but she is a dear little thing. I have understood, sir, that it was you that paid for her going——"

"That is a trifle, sister——"

"Oh, I am not called sister," said the portress, blushing with pleasure, "I am not a lady like the rest. I am only in the 'house' to open the door and to do the chaps; but if I was the superior I could not be more interested for little Emmy. Bless you, sir, she is the piourest little thing! And thank you, sir, for your goodness to her; that child's prayers will bring down a blessing on you."

"Amen!" said Oswald, himself feeling much more pious than usual. "I want it badly enough——"

"And I'll tell Miss Burchell to give Emmy your love——"

"On second thoughts," said Oswald, astutely, "it will be better not to say anything about it. The sister superior might not like a stranger to send messages."

"That is very true," said the lay sister, perceiving all at once that she too might have come in for a rebuke; and after this she ran on into sundry communications about Sister Catherine, who was newly arrived and not quite up to the work. "For them that know such ladies as Sister Mary Jane and Miss Burchell is naturally particular," said the portress.

"Very naturally," said Oswald, with fervor. He asked her to put a sovereign for him into the poor-box at the chapel door, and then sent her off well pleased, while he turned back in great haste to prepare

for his going. Here was his opportunity at last.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### THE SUPREME MOMENT.

It was a beautiful morning in June when Agnes started from the "house" with her little charge, who was going to the convent sanatorium at Limpet Bay. She scarcely knew so soon as the portress did, who had thus fortunately warned the eager lover, for Sister Mary Jane had thought it best to screen Agnes from all risks, and informed her only upon the day before the expedition.

"You want a little change; it will do you good," the sister superior said, pinching the girl's pale cheek. "I thought we should have had to send you home; but a little breath of sea air will do you good."

"Oh, I do not require to be sent home!" Agnes said, with a sudden flush of fright. "To go home was far from being what she desired. Indeed, she did not quite like to leave the 'house' and the girls' procession even for one day. The pale little girl who was her companion was excited and noisy with joy; but as she took her seat in a corner of a second-class carriage Agnes felt less exhilarated than depressed, though there was a curious jumble of feelings in her mind. The motion was pleasant, the fresh air—after the languid breezes of London—revived and refreshed the country-born girl. Ah! green fields still looked just so, the birds sang as of old, only there was something in the breeze and the sunshine and the birds which she never had known before—something, which suggested a want, a void, and yet a hope. She would not say to herself what that void was, but yet felt that it was strange, looking out from the window of the carriage, not to see one face which she always saw when she looked out. Very strange—and yet, when she reminded herself, so much more strange would it have been had she seen it. It was quite early when they started; the fresh morning lights, still so soft in their early brightness, caught the dews lying still here and there in the corners. The child prattled on for an hour or so, then got tired, and leaned her head against Agnes, and went to sleep. Agnes was glad. It saved her from the necessity of answering, and allowed her to plunge into all the sweet enchantment of dreams. There is a time in most lives when one's own thoughts are more entertaining, more absorbing, than the highest fiction, and



when poetry is nothing to the vague glory of musing which envelopes the young soul like an atmosphere of its own. This was what Agnes had come to now. She supposed she was thinking, but she was no more thinking than the pale child, whose soft little sickly cheek leaned up against her shoulder with such confiding ease. The child slept, being sick and weakly; the girl dreamed, being young, and feeling the sweetness of life to her very fingertips. There was nobody to disturb them, nothing but the wind of their rapid going, the rush of motion, the vision of green fields and trees flitting past, the clouds in the sky sailing over them. In such circumstances even a dusty railway journey grows poetical. The black poke-bonnet and the conventual cloak did not make it less so, though, alas! they made those thoughts, when she suddenly woke up to a consciousness of them, very guilty and dreadful to Agnes. But for this morning at least, once in a way, she had escaped from the duties of life, and the soft haze which crept over her seemed more allowable during this interval in which it was evident she could do nothing else. She had her duty with her in the shape of the little invalid by her side, to whom Providence had sent this soothing medicine of sleep: then was not Agnes free? Something as subduing as sleep itself, and more sweet than dreams, brought a film over her soft eyes. It was only a second-class carriage on a dusty railway, but one wonders if in any human paradise ever dreamt by poets there could be anything more sweet.

In the same train there was another traveller by no means sharing in this soft trance of enchantment. Oswald, you may be sure, was travelling first-class. His morning dress had all the easy perfection which belongs to an English gentleman's morning toilette; he was the very impersonation of that simple luxury which pleases our insular vanity, which costs the utmost possible with the least possible show. And he was delighted with his adventure, with his own cleverness in bringing this adventure to so prosperous a point, with the chance of seeing Agnes and having her to himself; but anxious, and turning over a hundred plans in his mind as to how he was to manage it all.

Limpet Bay was a very small space on the banks of the Thames, just where the river becomes sea, and had to be reached by a branch from a junction whence trains only went at very awkward hours. This was why it had been necessary to start so

early. The question was where and how he was to show himself, so as not to alarm too much the shy object of his pursuit, and at the same time to take full advantage of this propitious moment. Oswald's mind was busy with this subject all the way to the junction. He had no time for the dreams which wrapped Agnes in a delicious stillness of thought; he had to debate this important question with himself. If he showed at once, she might think it right to shut herself up in the sanatorium until the time came for her return. Even if she did so he had still all the chances of the journey in his favor, but these were limited, and subject to interruption; whereas, if he kept concealed, who could doubt that Agnes would stray out upon the sands, or to the little pier, or about the low rocks on the beach to taste the salt breezes coming strong and cheery over the sea? He resolved at last to deny himself, and trust to this after certainty, notwithstanding that the temptations to premature self-discovery were strong. Fortunately the carriages in which they were seated, went through, and there was no change made at the junction, which must have betrayed him; and there he sat, his heart beating, his mind exhilarated and in lively action, pleased with himself and his plans and his prospects, as well as delighted with the thought of so soon meeting her. It was an emotion altogether different from that of Agnes—less poetical, less spiritual, less entrancing. He knew what he wanted, and would in all probability get it; but what she wanted was that vague infinite which no soul ever gets, in this universe at least. To him the moments when he should have met her, when he should have persuaded her into saying anything or everything that a shy maiden could say, when he should carry her off triumphantly and marry her, and make her his own, were all quite distinct, and better than this moment, when he held himself in leash, waiting and impatient; but to her would any moment ever be equal to that hour of dreams? Thus they swept along, each alone, characteristically occupied, making progress, conscious or unconscious, out of the sweet preface and overture of existence into life.

It came about as Oswald had foreseen. The day was one of the loveliest days of early June, the foliage still fresh in its spring livery, the earth still downy in soft green of the springing corn and softer velvet of the grass; the daisies and buttercups, simplest of delights, were still a wonder to behold, the wild roses sweet on

all the hedgerows, lighting up the country with delicate flushes of color. Then, as they neared the sea came the greyer greenness of the downs, soft undulations, yellow stretches of sand, surrounded by the blue glory of the salt water, broken and cheerful with white wavelets, not big enough to trouble anything save in elvish mischief, the nearest approach to laughter that is in nature. The red roofs of the village, the fishing-boats, even the half-built chaos of a marine parade, by means of which Limpet Bay meant to tempt visitors one day or other, were beautiful to Oswald as they approached, and wove themselves like a picture into Agnes's fancies. Her little charge woke, and was clamorous with pleasure. Was that the sea? were those the sands where Emmy went to play? were these brown things rocks? Her questions were innumerable. A sister of the same order, a mild-eyed woman, made half-beautiful by the close white cap and collar, which threw up the healthful tints of her face, met them, and conducted them to the sanatorium, or convalescent-home of the sisterhood, which rose, with its peaked roofs, in the semi-ecclesiastical cottage-Gothic which Anglicanism has appropriated to itself, a little apart from the village. Oswald, watching anxiously from his window, kept himself out of sight till the little party had gone with their boxes and baskets. He was the only first-class passenger who had come that day, or for many days, to Limpet Bay, and the population, so much as there was, received him with excitement. It seemed possible that he might be going to stay, and what a success for the place to have a gentleman—a *gentleman*!—so early in the year. Two or three loungers volunteered to show him the inn, others to carry his things, though he had nothing to carry, others to guide him to the port. A *bourgeois* family might be more profitable in the long run, but it is not so exciting to the imagination as a gentleman—a real gentleman, generally supposed to be a creature to whom money is absolutely indifferent, and whose pockets are full for everybody's benefit. He shook them all off, however, and went through the village to the sands, where he sat down under a rock to wait. There was nobody there, not even little Emmy and her convalescent companions, nothing but a boat or two on the shore, a fisher-boy or so, half in, half out, of the water. And the little waves leaped and laughed and gurgled, and the big ones rolled softly in with their long hus-sh on the warm sands. Scenery there

was none to speak of—a blue sea, a blue sky, the one flecked with wavelets, the other with cloudlets; a brownish-yellow slope of sand, a grey-green shoulder of velvety mossy down, a few low, fantastic rocks, a rude brown-red fishing coble; yet with what a sense of beauty and pleasantness those nothings filled the mind! mere air and sunshine and summer sounds, and simplest life—nothing more.

Oswald sat and waited, not very patiently, behind the bit of rock. Sometimes he forgot himself for a moment, and mused almost like Agnes, but with thoughts more active. If he could but get her into one of those boats and take her out upon the blue silence of the sea, where no one could interfere with him, no one interrupt his love-tale, not even her own scruples! Now the decisive moment of his life (he said to himself) was at hand. Never again would he have such an opportunity—everything must be settled to-day. It was the last day of this sweet clandestine romance which pleased his fancy so much more than serious wooing. After this it would be necessary to descend to the precautions of ordinary life, to see her family, to ask the consent of her father and mother, to arrange horrible business, and fall into the groove like ordinary men. But to-day! was there not anything wild, adventurous, out of the usual jog-trot, that they could do to-day? Her dress was the chief thing that restrained Oswald. He could have carried off a girl in the habiliments of ordinary life, could have persuaded her into a boating expedition (he thought), in defiance of all the conventional rules of society; but a girl in a convent dress, a girl in a close cap and poke-bonnet! She only looked the fairer for that rim of solid white which made the warm tints of her complexion tell so powerfully; but the cap was a visible sign of separation from the world which daunted the boldness of the youth. Nevertheless the laughing brightness of the water and the tempting nearness of the boat made Oswald restless. He called the owner to him, who was stolidly lounging about, from time to time looking at his property, and hired it, then sent for a little basket of provisions from the inn, enough for luncheon. Was it possible that he might be able to beguile her to go out with him? He went back to his rock, and sat, with his heart beating, to wait.

Before long a little band of the small convalescents came trooping on to the sands. Oswald felt that he was lost if he was discovered by these small women, or

at least by Emmy, who was among them, and he stole round to the other side of his rock, hiding himself till they passed on. There was a little donkey-chair, with two who were still invalids, tenderly driven along the smooth sands by the mild-eyed sister whom he had seen receiving Agnes at the railway. They went on, passing him, to a further point, where shells and seaweed were to be found; and the voices and laughter of the children sounded sweetly from that distance upon the fresh breeze from the sea. If they had been nearer he would not have found them so musical. Finally there appeared a solitary figure in black robes, intercepting the light. She was gazing at the sea, so that Oswald could not see her face. It seemed to him that he knew her step though it was noiseless; that no one could mistake her; but still it was not absolutely certain it was she. She came along slowly, her footsteps altogether undirected by her eyes, which were fixed on the sea. It was not the maiden meditation of the poet. Her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away. She had kept behind, happily, while the sister took out her little band, and now came alone, moving softly over the long stretch of beach, now and then stopping to look at the sea. It was during one of these pauses that Oswald rose from his place of partial concealment, and went along the sands to meet her. His steps were inaudible upon that soft footing, and it was impossible to say what influence it was which made Agnes turn round suddenly and meet him straight, face to face. The start she gave made every line of her figure, all shrouded in the black cloak, tremble. She uttered a little cry unawares, and put up her hands in alarm and wonder. You would have said he was the last person in the world whom she expected to see, — and yet she had done nothing but think of him every step of the way as she came along, — and the last person she wished to see, though even the thought of him, which accompanied her wherever she went, made the world a changed place to Agnes. But to be thinking of an individual whom you believe to be far off, and entirely separated from you, and then to turn round and see him at your elbow, is startling, even when the sentiment is less intense than that which was in the girl's mind.

"You are surprised to see me," he said, hastening to her side.

"Yes," she said; "very much surprised." Then trying to regain her composure, "I did not know — it is a coincidence — this is such a very quiet place —"

"Very quiet, and how lovely! I have been sitting under that rock (Agnes turned round to look at it) waiting for you."

"Waiting — for me!"

"Why should I make believe," said Oswald; "or why should you wonder? What should I come here for but to see you? to watch over you at a distance, and — I confess it, though it may seem selfish — to speak to you when I could find an opportunity —"

"Indeed, indeed!" she said, clasping her hands, "you ought not — you must not! I have said so before."

"Do you think it likely," said Oswald, with fine seriousness, "that I should have followed you like your shadow for so long, and leave off all at once, without explanation, without reason? Agnes, here we are safe and quite out of the reach of interruption. Here you may listen to me without shocking — yourself, or any one. Hear me first. The poorest beggar in the street you will give a hearing to, why not to me. Let me tell you everything. Let me ask you what I *must* ask — let me know my fate."

"Mr. Meredith," she said, speaking very low and quickly, "these are not words to be used to me. I — I do not know you —"

"Not know me!" he repeated, with ingenuous wonder.

"I mean — of course I have seen you a great many times. Of course I — but I ought not to know you," she went on, with a little vehemence. "I have — nothing to do with you."

"How unkind, how unkind you are!"

This reproach silenced her. She gave him a hasty look, with a sudden, half-supplicating movement of her hands.

"When a man loves a woman," said Oswald, with anxious art, "they are almost always strangers to each other. Do you blame him if he takes every means to introduce himself, to try to get her to know him, to believe in him, to reply to him? You are not at home; not in circumstances to allow this. What could I do? I would have brought my mother; but I told you what happened to us, and the trouble my mother is in. And, besides, pardon me if I had a hope that you, who were not a common girl like others, would understand me, would let me speak without all the vulgar preliminaries — We are not like two nobodies, two butterflies of whom no one knows anything," he said, with a vague flourish of trumpets.

Agnes made him no reply; she was without words. Indeed, she was a little



overawed by this explanation — "not like in books, was little known to her; she had two nobodies, of whom no one knows anything." Who was he? what had he done to lift him to the rank of those whom other people knew?

"At all events," he said, after a pause, "will you not give me my chance now? We are here, with no one to say a word, nobody to interfere with us, no one to think we are doing wrong. Let me have my chance now. If you condemn me I promise to go away, I shall have no heart to trouble you longer," he said, in a pathetic tone, which made poor Agnes tremble. Had she the heart to condemn him? Oh, how little he knew! She yielded, saying to herself that it was the shortest way; that anything else would be foolish; and gave her consent, without looking at him, with a grave little movement of her head. He led her to the rock where he had been sitting waiting for her, and where she now followed him without a word. How their hearts were beating, both of them, though all was so still! She sat down on the smooth rock, he half kneeling on the sand by her side. The soft summer air surrounded them, the sea, dropping out of its morning smiles, fell into a hush of listening, and stilled everything about that the tale might not be disturbed. "Hus—sh," said the soft, long waves as the tide stole in. A few soft clouds flitted over the sun, softening his midday radiance: the hush of noon fell upon earth and sea. And there Agnes sat, throned in that momentary judgment-seat of her womanhood, with his fate, as he said, in her hands. The words had a deeper meaning than Oswald thought of. The fate of other lives hung on that decision — of her own more than of his. But neither of them thought of that. Would she accept him? it was incredible that she could refuse him. This was the real conviction in his heart; and yet he trembled too.

Neither of them knew how long they sat there, while Agnes on her throne listened — trembling, blushing, weeping, hiding soft gleams of sympathetic looks, keeping back kindred confessions that stole to her own lips. She heard the story of Oswald's love. It did not lose in the telling, and yet it was true. Though his poetry was not of a very elevated kind, as the reader knows, it gave him a command of words, it gave him skill enough to know how that story should be told. He paused for no instant reply, but went through the record from beginning to end. Never had the girl heard such a tale. Romance, even

in books, was little known to her; she had been brought up upon matters of fact; and here was a romance of her own, poetry living and breathing, stealing the very heart out of Agnes's bosom. She resisted as long as she could, hiding her tears, hiding the quivering of her mouth, keeping her eyes down that no chance look might betray her, marshalling all her forces to do battle against this subtle influence. After all, those forces were not great; devotion to her work, but, alas! for weeks past the insidious foe had been undermining her walls, whispering of other duties more natural, more gracious, pointing out all the defects in that work to eyes which could not refuse to see them; regard for the prejudices of conventional life, the want of proper introduction, etc., a formidable horror to the girl's inexperienced mind, and yet with no real force in it, for had not she, too, broken the bonds of society? Eventually the strength ebbed away from her as she listened. Last of all her routed forces took refuge in the last yet frailest citadel of all — her dress. It was that, too, that Oswald had thought of. In the absence of all real objections to this mutual understanding this little barrier of *chiffons* erected itself. How could she in that garb of self-sacrifice choose personal happiness, her own way, and all the brightnesses instead of all the sadnesses of existence? This thought gave her a little temporary strength.

"Agnes," he said, with agitation, "those wretched children are coming back again. I must go away unless you will acknowledge and receive me. Agnes! think; can all this go for nothing, all this chapter in our lives? Can it end and be as if it had not been? Oh, look at me! Speak to me! Don't say no with your voice. I will not believe it. Let me see your face —"

She turned to him slowly, her mouth quivering, flashes of flying color going and coming, her eyelids — which she could not lift — heavy with tears, every line in her face moving and eloquent with feeling. "What can I say?" — her voice was so low and hurried that he had to bend forward to hear her — "in this place, in this dress. Is it right? Oh, why should you ask me? What can I say —"

"Look at me, Agnes!"

With an effort, as if she could not help it, she slowly lifted her eyes. There were two great tears in them, oceans of unspeakable meaning, veiling yet magnifying the truth below. One moment, and then she covered her face with her hands. There was no more to say.



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